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AARON M. POWELL, *Editor.*

WENDELL PHILLIPS, *Special Editorial Contributor.*

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PROCEEDINGS OF THE NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

THE Convention was called to order at 2½ o'clock, and A. BRONSON OLCOTT introduced as the first speaker. It was obvious, he said, to all, that we lived in an age of revolutions, of surprising transitions, not only in political, but in religious institutions. Any one who lived in to-day and not in yesterday, must perceive a new life bursting into our institutions, not yet assuming any very specific form, but still here and claiming the earnest attention of all persons, and especially of the young. Under these circumstances, the question arose, "What is the duty of those claiming to be leaders in politics, in religion, in social life?" The politician must be held to this position—"You are not to violate that high sense of right in anything you do which the people send you to Congress to represent in their name. You shall carry all the problems you can carry without violating it, but you must not stoop to any compromise which in the least leads you to swerve from the clear law of right in your own soul." They could excuse the politician if he did not come up to their mark, if he came up to his own; and it was not for them, who did not know the difficulties and perplexities which beset a member of Congress, to judge the politician too severely. Any man who carried the moral law too fiercely was unhorsed. A man all conscience was just as perilous a force as a man all appetite. Therefore, in their criticisms upon men, they must consider the question whether they were faithful to the law of their own conduct. What he desired to see was that fine discrimination which should set aside as wholly irrelevant and a waste of time, that which failed to effect its aid. With all our culture, the speaker said, we needed more than anything else to be freed from our prodigious individualism; that kind of virtue, as it called itself, which planted itself upon its own special quality, and insisted that unless that was respected and carried out by all men and women, all men and women were sinners. No man or woman represented the whole Godhead. No man or woman represented himself or herself faithfully, because each individual was a deuce—two—sometimes seven or more, and in moments when each one of the seven claimed to be heard, in the midst of the conflicting discussions and antagonisms, who could tell when truth would be spoken? They were told that that was the condition of all men and women—that they were two and not one; and hence the necessity of a Saviour to reconcile them. That was not to be a man or a woman. To be a man or a woman was to be one; without antagonism; to see truth intuitively, and act without deliberation. Whoever deliberated had already sinned, because, if there were deliberation, there had been some fracture or break in the character, and the individual did not see truth intuitively.

HENRY C. WRIGHT then addressed the Convention. He said the negro had been a source of infinite trouble in this nation for the last forty years, in every department of life. Every political party and every church that had existed in this country during that period had had occasion to say to the negro, "Hast thou come to torment us before our time?" He wanted to get rid of the negro, *as a negro;* he wanted to have him abolished, and in fact the Anti-Slavery Society was simply a society for the abolition of the negro, as a negro, not as a man. The moment he was recognized as a man, and not as a negro, the work was done. Massachusetts had abolished the negro, and in all the New England States, except Connecticut (that most contemptible of all States), the negro had been abolished; but Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, were yet troubled with the presence of the negro in their political affairs, and the entire South was thrown into commotion by the same cause. The negro looked Congress in the face, and said, "Recognize me as a man, or you perish!" He (Mr. Wright) would say to his friend Wilson, and all, "Your memory will rot unless you give the negro his rights." (Applause.) All distinctions of color must be abolished, and when that was accomplished, the work of the Abolitionists was accomplished. No reconstruction could possibly stand that recognized a distinction of color in any department of the government, simply because it was unjust, and God was just, and the basis of our government was, "All men are created equal." Equality before the law was the basis of our political existence, and he hoped and prayed that the negro would never give this nation rest until it did justice to him.

Mr. Wright concluded by suggesting to the Business Committee the presentation of a resolution providing for memorializing Congress in favor of the passage of a constitutional amendment guaranteeing that no distinction of color shall ever be made in any department of the government.

E. H. HEYWOOD said it seemed to him they had been so accustomed to ignoring women, that they used the words "impartial" and "universal" in a very narrow sense. They believed in universal suffrage as Artemas Ward said he believed in universal salvation—provided he could pick the men!

Mr. Heywood proceeded to criticize the action of the Anti-Slavery organizations since 1861, declaring his conviction, that by the passage of the resolution affirming that, on the issue then presented by the government was all right and the South all wrong, they surrendered their power. He contended that the South was right in its position in regard to State rights, which he declared to be the fundamental principle of liberty. He thought a cell in Fort Warren would have done Mr. Phillips more honor than his speeches since 1861. In reference to the liberation of Jeff. Davis, he said that the signing of that bail-bond was the crowning act of Horace Greeley's life. (Hisses.) His release in that way, he thought, was a disgraceful thing, but that was not the beginning of the disgrace. The trouble was in fighting him at all on the issues then presented. Having repudiated treason, the repudiation of the public debt came next. As he read the horoscope of the future, the 5.20s and 7.30s would be excellent waste paper by-and-by.

THE PRESIDENT said a few words in advocacy of the claims of the THE STANDARD to the support of Abolitionists, remarking that he read it as he read nothing else, and was extremely edified by it.

STEPHEN S. FOSTER said that, in the present condition of affairs, they could not be too cautious how they spoke. They must try the ground with their feet, and see whether it rest on the firm and solid rock. Unless they stood on the solid basis of absolute right, they had no reason to expect to succeed. They might gather numbers, but they would lose their influence. The first thing for them to do was to take account of stock, and see what they had done.

Mr. Foster then called attention to a few of the changes in public sentiment that had been brought about in the history of the anti-slavery cause, and asked whence these changes had come? It had not been by might nor by power; but God had chosen the weak things of this world to confound the mighty. It was mainly through the agency of uneducated men and weak women that God had wrought this wonderful, this amazing revolution, so that the very man who twenty-five years ago was dragged from the cars because of the color of his skin, stood to-day in the Legislature, making laws for the commonwealth. (Applause.) With all this accomplished, it seemed as though they might sit down, fold their arms, and go to sleep, and he had no heart to censure those who had retired from the platform. He would say to them, "Brethren, if you are weary, go and rest! You have done well—you have fought a good fight; have finished *your* course; we have not. You have done your work; we have not. We see something yet to be done, and we stay to do it. Leave us to do it. Do not tarnish our reputation; do not do anything to embarrass us; but simply retire and leave the work in our hands, if there is any work to do; if there is not, we can do no harm."

As Abolitionists, in the strict and technical sense of that term, there was not much for them to do. They had broken every fetter; the prejudice against color was rapidly melting away, and the negro man was enfranchised in three-quarters of the States; yet the work was not all done, for in his judgment there was no safety for any man's liberty in this country until he was armed with the shield of suffrage. That was a work yet remaining for this Society to do. He had never expected to do any work of this kind. Some persons used to think him a hair-brained enthusiast, full of all manner of vain, delusive hopes, extravagant in the extreme; but he never expected to live to see the time when he should ask for suffrage for the negro; the most he ever anticipated was to see his fetters broken. But he had not only lived to see the slaves all freed, but the large proportion of the male part of them enfranchised. Yet there was an inward voice that said to him, "Don't stop! No safety yet!" The only safety was in planting their institutions on the principles of justice. Was there any sex in justice? Was not injustice to the female sex just as fatal to institutions as injustice to males? They were called upon to express their convictions upon the policy of reconstruction, and the question was, whether they would give their consent to a repetition of the experiment which their fathers made, and which had proved so fatal in its results; whether they would consent to have this government remodelled on principles of injustice. For one, he said *no;* and he desired to present a resolution, expressive of his own views and opinions upon this great question, as follows:

Resolved, That regarding suffrage as a natural right, inherent in our humanity, and independent alike of the incidents of color, sex, or previous conditions of servitude, the only consistent position for us as Abolitionists to take on the question of national reconstruction is, *the equality of all men before the law;* and we hereby give due notice that we shall acquiesce in no scheme or plan of national reunion which leaves the humblest citizen, of either sex, without this essential safeguard of personal freedom.

Mr. Foster said he did not regard this resolution as dragging the woman question upon that platform. The question of suffrage was there by the force of circumstances; it was the only question remaining for them to act upon. Action was to be taken upon it by the nation, and the question was, shall that action be true or false? He denied that he brought the question of sex there. He was asked to defend the right of man to suffrage because he was a man, but told that he must not defend the right of woman to suffrage because she is a woman. His friends introduced the question of sex; they made justice dependent on sex, and said to the nation, "The negro woman has no right to suffrage;" or else they said, "Having a right to it, we will not defend it."

Mr. Foster said he thought that Mrs. Mott put those differing from him on this question somewhat in a false light this morning. He thought the impression was given, that certain persons on this platform did not believe in woman's rights. He did not know a man or a woman of them who was not as strong a woman's rights' advocate as he was; the difference was simply one of the propriety of bringing that question upon the Anti-Slavery platform. Mr. Phillips thought it was not good policy to introduce the woman question here; to use his own words, "this is the negro's hour, and we ought to bring all our forces to bear upon that point." He (Mr. F.) thought he was mistaken on that point. He thought it was a matter of policy to press both questions now. It would give them two strings to their bow, and the more persons they could interest in their movement, the stronger it would be, of course.

Another difficulty was one of principle. He did not see how they could defend the right of suffrage for man, and refuse to defend it for woman. If they asked for the application of the principle of suffrage to one class and not to another, there was an immorality in the thing that was perceived instinctively. As a son and a husband, knowing the worth of woman, God forbid that he should ever be separated from her on that platform, in the church, or at the ballot-box! If, said Mr. Foster, you take the narrow platform of male suffrage, you will be thrown into utter obscurity by the brighter light of impartial suffrage, and the glory will depart from you, and fall upon another and more worthy movement. I want to do the whole work upon this platform, and I want the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD to give forth the clear, pure, ringing tones of impartial justice. I hate the word *sex*, but you must have it so long as you demand for man what you do not demand for woman, and it cannot but cripple your power. Throw yourselves into this broader, grander work. See the Union reconstructed upon principles of justice, not of sex, and you will see your country what you have never yet, in your most excited hours, even dreamed of seeing it, the home of the perfect equality of all men before the law.

There is a duty, continued the speaker, weighing heavily upon my mind, which I have not time to perform, and that is, the calling of the clergy of this commonwealth to account for their remissness in this hour of the nation's peril. Who has heard of the clergy of Massachusetts for the last twelve months? The nation is in a perfect turmoil from one end to the other; it is like the ocean beneath a raging tempest, the waves tossed mountain high with excitement—and where are your priesthood? Dumb as dogs! "Dumb dogs that cannot bark." Where is the denomination in this land that has sent forth clear trumpet notes demanding justice for all men? Can you tell me, Mr. President? I know them not. There are individual exceptions; there are in all denominations men who are right on the subject, and who speak out; there are some who are right and do not speak out; but the great majority are either utterly wrong or else disposed to float with the mass and do nothing, leaving other influences and other men to fight these great battles of freedom. But I will not occupy your attention with that subject. I hope it will receive justice at the hands of other speakers before this Convention adjourns.

MRS. A. K. FOSTER—I wish to call attention to the main point of the resolution. I need not say that we are here as an Anti-Slavery Convention, as Abolitionists, which signifies, as I understand, the abolition of slavery. It was said here that there was no slave in our country to-day, and therefore our work is to give suffrage to the negro. I deny it. As Abolitionists, we have nothing to do with suffrage, as such. (Hear, hear.) If the slaves were absolutely free to-day, and positively secured in their liberty, I would go to Europe with Mr. Garrison and boast that we had no slavery here. But when in all the rural districts of the South, men, women and children are held, worked and treated as slaves, to all intents, constructions and purposes whatsoever, I contend that we have not freedom. As the speaker who preceded me expressed himself last Winter, "they have the title-deed to liberty, but are not in possession of that liberty." We have had an accession to the laws, by the passage of the military reconstruction bill, but that is only an additional legal word; the freedman is not yet in possession. When the Southern newspapers came to us stating (and nobody has contradicted it) that within a very few weeks some hundred people, assembled at a ball, were attacked by a gang of white men—respectable men, the chivalry of the South—the colored men all put out of the ball, the lights extinguished, and atrocities that would "shame extremest hell" perpetrated,—women killed on the spot, and others worse than killed,—and nothing done to punish the fearful crimes, who will stand here and say the negro is free? He is not free. We, as Abolitionists, come here to give him suffrage that he may be free; and when that is guaranteed him, beyond all possible peril, then I will vote to dissolve. We do not hold Anti-Slavery meetings to secure suffrage—I deny it. We hold them to secure freedom from slavery, not freedom from political disadvantages and disabilities; not only to obtain freedom to-day, but to secure it for to-morrow. The colored woman wants the franchise and the white women wants it. As was said by the preceding speaker, we are all agreed on the question of suffrage, as such, so far as I know. But, mark you this distinction. There is the Equal Rights Association, of which I am a member. When I go there, I go there to secure suffrage for the man and the woman, without distinction of race, color or condition. I go there as a suffrage woman, for the one purpose of securing suffrage to all; but when I come here, I come here to secure freedom from chattel slavery.

Rev. ROWLAND CONNOR, of the Universalist church, School street, was then introduced, and spoke as follows:

ADDRESS OF REV. ROWLAND CONNOR.

After the words to which we have listened from my friend Foster, I do not know but I should apologize to him for the crime of being a minister. I would do so did I think it necessary, but I can hardly deem it so. Expecting that the resolution in regard to the past and present attitude of the Christian Church would be discussed this afternoon, I said to my friend Foster, as I left the meeting this morning, "I suppose you will be on the side of the ministers, for I know you love them;" but to my astonishment (shall I say) he replied, "No, I consider you the most useless set of men on the face of the earth." (Laughter.) And if it be true, that during the past year, nothing has been heard from the ministers, or from any denomination with regard to the interests advocated by this Anti-Slavery Society, I should certainly agree with him. But I cannot forget this fact: I belong to a small and heretical denomination, which, at its last annual meeting, passed resolutions which were quoted approvingly in the ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, and were there endorsed. I say, therefore, that the denominations have not been altogether silent. I know they have frequently been faithless; I consider that the ministers, taken as a class, remembering their positive duty, remembering their professions, remembering their position as leaders of the people, have been the most faithless set of men in this country. (Applause.) I believe that, and I do not hesitate, therefore, to say it. Yet, I do not like any sweeping assertions, which affect all indiscriminately. I believe there are a few faithful ones here and there; whether or not enough to redeem the entire body I certainly cannot say. Yet those of you who have listened to the directness of Mr. Foster's speaking will agree with me, I know, that it is too bad he ever left the ministry. What a glorious minister he would have been to-day. (Laughter and applause.) How he would call upon the people to repent, or—what would come next, brother Foster? (Laughter.) The truth would have been directly preached, and I like to listen to it; just as lief listen to it from this platform as from the pulpit.

But I did not come here to discuss this question, but the general principles of this Anti-Slavery Society. Mr. Foster has well said, "Let us take the account of stock;" who can stand here to-day without feeling gratified at the work which has been done? I have not, as some here, "borne the burden and heat of the day;" I cannot rejoice, as they must rejoice, over the prospects which are before us as a people; yet there is much which may make us all rejoice. It seems like a dream to me, that less than four years ago, I actually argued the question that slavery was wrong, and believed that it was necessary to argue that question. Who would think of doing so to-day? As well argue that the earth is not the centre of the universe, or that the moon is not made of green cheese. Less than four years ago, I remember listening to some labored arguments to prove, physiologically, that the negro was not a man, and endeavoring to reply to them. Who would attempt anything of this kind at the present time? It would be simply ridiculous. There is a story in the Arabian Nights of a sorceress, who was accustomed to turn her lovers, by magical charms, into dogs and other animals. When that story was written, people believed it, and, walking in the streets, and looking into the face of a dog, they could not tell whether it were really an animal or a human being. A few years ago, judging by what was said by some, looking into the face of a negro, we could not positively tell whether he were an animal or a human being.

But, reviewing the situation, we see there is work before us. And what is it? Should any one ask me to give that word which in the clearest way expresses the sentiment of the present age, I should reply, *Radicalism.* We are going down to the root, alike in science, in politics and in religion, and it cannot be stopped. The radical demand for the preservation of this country is the ballot for every man and every woman, and security in the use of that ballot. The ballot to-day is nominally granted to the negro at the South; it will be, I believe, granted to the negro at the North; and once I thought that would be enough. I said, "Give the negro the ballot, and I will ask for no more. Make him a voter, and the negro will defend himself. Make him a voter, and you make him a man. And yet, as I have approached the question, step by step, and see the negro holding the ballot to day, I see that I was mistaken, that that is not enough, and to-day I ask for more. The ballot is a weapon in the hands of the negro, but if he be not taught how to hold that weapon, and have no ground to stand upon so that he can use it effectually, it is worth nothing to him. You may place in the hands of any man as large a club as you choose, if you take that man and tie him and hang him half way between the housetop and the ground, what good can he possibly do with that cudgel? He cannot use it, because he has no standing place; he cannot hit any one, for there is no one he can reach. If we gave the negro the ballot to-day, and stopped there, that would be doing exactly as if we placed him between heaven and earth, and told him to use his cudgel there. What, then, do we want? The forty acres to which Mr. Phillips referred come in there for him to stand upon, so that he may wield his weapon properly. Then education, that he may be taught how to use it against whom it should be directed—who he should strike down—who are his enemies. I believe it to be the work of this Anti-Slavery Society to keep these principles before the nation. These principles are not established yet in our Constitution. There will be much hard work before they will be so established; but I am naturally hopeful, and, notwithstanding the fact that there may be hard work before us, I believe that work will be done. I cannot tell what will come first. I only say, yield not a single inch in this great cause. Never give up one iota of principle. Make no compromise of any kind or name. Stand for the ballot, land, and education for the negro to-day, and the ballot for woman to-morrow. Make that the platform, and do not give way one single particle, for it is compromise which has always killed our country. Look just before the war, when the Crittenden resolutions were introduced. If there was ever a time when there might be a compromise, that seemed to be the time. The whole nation cried out for their passage, asked us to give way just a little to the Southern people, then everything would be pleasant and harmonious. But how manfully did these men who are behind me stand on this platform and say, "We cannot tell what may come; but come secession, come war, come what may, we cannot compromise;" and because they did not compromise, we are permitted to stand where we stand to-day. Therefore I say, no compromise in the future. No compromise even with the Republican party. No compromise which shall tempt them to put in nomination any man whom we do not know to be committed to these radical principles. (Loud applause.) My friend Mr. Pillsbury sat by me while Mr. Phillips was speaking, and said, "I pray for a Bull Run defeat. I pray for the defeat of the Republican party at the next election, because I believe that only thus can our nation be saved." I do not know that I agree with him, but this I will say, if a Bull Run defeat be necessary, then let it come! I would rather see Jefferson Davis in the Presidential chair than Gen. Grant, put there by the votes of Republicans. (Great applause.) I tell you, friends, it must come to that. Let the Republican party put any man of that kind there, and we loose that for which we have been fighting. But stand up boldly, tell them "*No compromise,*" and they will give way. Cowards always give way before true manhood. If we, to-day, as an Anti-Slavery Society, will spread these principles through the community, and tell the Republican party, "If you attempt this thing, you shall die," we speak their death warrant, and they know it. These political leaders may be men of expediency, may be men of policy, but they are not fools, and they know that the sentiment which has ruled this nation has been the radical Anti-Slavery sentiment of the nation, and they know they must give way to it, or go down, and they will give way. If we are true to ourselves, the work, as Mr. Foster says, will be done. Then let us be true. (Applause.)

ADDRESS OF HON. HENRY WILSON.

MR. CHAIRMAN: Some things have been said here to-day which I desire with your consent very briefly to notice. I belong to that class of men who take a hopeful view of affairs, and I was glad to hear that noble woman, whom I heard many years ago, speak so hopefully and cheerfully. It may be that I want foresight, it may be that it is constitutional with me, but somehow or other, I see everywhere around and about me, nothing but victory for the right. (Applause.) I see nothing in any direction to discourage, but wherever I look, I see signs of coming triumph. Within the last few weeks, I have travelled some thousands of miles in the States lately in rebellion. We have been told to-day by Mr. Phillips that he feared there was a disposition in some quarters to lower the Republican standard in order to get votes in the South. I say, we here in the North will have to rise up to the standard of our friends in the South. (Mr. PHILLIPS—"Hear, hear.") They are more radical than the Republicans of the State of Massachusetts. Instead of lowering the flag to obtain votes in the Southern States, I say, carry the flag as proudly and as loftily as you can; and the more broadly you lay down your principles, the more sure you may be that they will be accepted in that portion of the country. In my deliberate judgment, there are from 500,000 to 600,000 radical Republicans in the States lately in rebellion, and if our friends in the loyal States do their duty, and aid them as they can, by papers, speakers, and workers, we shall have three quarters of a million of Republicans within the next six months in those States, and they will be the masters of those States for years to come. (Applause.) All over those States, I have heard nothing among our friends but the most earnest, sincere and radical utterances.

A word in regard to education, to which allusion has been made to-day. I endeavored everywhere to speak for the cause of education and the cause of temperance, too. The greatest danger that threatens us there, is the danger that some of our colored fellow-citizens in that portion of the country will borrow one of the great vices of their masters—the drinking of whiskey. I say, that everywhere I spoke for education; and I saw not a man, black or white, loyalist or rebel, who was not in favor of the establishment of a common school system of education; and I believe that every one of those States will incorporate such a system into its Constitution, and that, too, without a struggle.

I went to the South for the purpose of proving, what I believed to be true, that I or any man among us could go there and speak the whole truth in regard to the questions growing out of the present condition of the country. (A VOICE—"Judge Kelley.") I will simply say in regard to Judge Kelley, that the trouble was not occasioned by radical sentiments expressed by him. Allusion was made to my speeches at the South, in contrast with those of Judge Kelley. If the gentleman who made that criticism will read my speeches and those of Judge Kelley, he will find mine quite as radical as his. Read my speech at New Orleans, and read Judge Kelley's and see who talked the plainest and went the farthest. I think no man, standing on this platform, ever spoke more plainly of the crimes of the Southern people against man and their sins against God, than I did while I was among them.

A VOICE—Could that security be had without the military?

Mr. WILSON—I do not think it could. Here and there you may find persons who will commit outrages, as you find them in New York and everywhere else, but the great mass come to hear, and they listen as I never saw people listen before. I have never spoken to more attentive audiences anywhere than I found at the South. I made thirty-two speeches, and I never heard a hiss or a groan, a disrespectful question or a disrespectful word. I can travel through the South, and so can our friend Wendell Phillips, and speak everywhere, and be heard by listening thousands, subject only to this contingency, which may happen. There are violent men there; they are apt to go armed; they may be intoxicated; they may get into trouble; some word may be spoken, a shot may be fired, and some persons may be injured. That may happen there or here. It happened to Judge Kelley, but I doubt if it would happen again if he travelled South for six months.

I am anxious that our friends, instead of criticising each other so sharply as they do sometimes, should turn their attention to these ten States which we have conquered with the cartridge-box and can take with the ballot-box. There are 850,000 white voters, and 600,000 black ones. I believe we have 150,000 or 200,000 white men, devoted, earnest Anti-Slavery Republicans, ready to go with us. I believe we can carry a majority of the members of Congress in eight out of the ten States—men who will speak and act with the most radical members in both Houses. You will find that black men will be elected to Conventions and to State Legislatures in those States, and I think, and hope, that one or more black men will be elected to the House of Representatives at Washington. (Applause.)

There are ten States sending to us their earnest voices for words of counsel and cheer, for aid; and it is the duty, in my opinion, of Republicans and Anti-Slavery men, to give them that aid; and if there are any brave, true-hearted, eloquent young men, they can never speak to any company of men who will drink in their words as our friends will in the South. It is the greatest field in the country for the utterance of truth, and the bolder the utterances, the loftier the appeals, the more elevated the sentiments, the more emphatic will be the responses.

Let me say to you, do not fear the South governing this country any more. I told those men to their faces, on more occasions than one, that the day had passed by forever when the South was to govern this country. Their ideas are gone. They are further away to-day than they ever were before, and they will be further away to-morrow than they are to-day. Every idea of theirs, every policy, every aspiration of their souls, has perished, and can never come back again. They are in poverty. My heart ached for the sufferings of that people, when I came to look upon them. You have no idea how completely they are exhausted. Take the State of Alabama. They sent 135,000 of their young men to the war; 40,000 of them perished; 20,000 are maimed and wounded, and there are 80,000 widows and orphans of dead soldiers in that State. Of the $700,000,000, the assessed value of the property of that State in 1860, they have lost $500,000,000. South Carolina had $400,000,000 of property when the war commenced—$200,000,000 of it in slaves. All gone—their railroads worn out—their banks failed—the poorest civilized community on God's earth to-day. We Republicans can carry that State this Autumn by from 20,000 to 30,000 majority, and hold it. (Applause.) I was told by an ex-Governor of the State, referring to a district where slavery was the strongest, that such was the strength of our principles and our organization that there would not be a candidate run against us for Congress. You cannot say as much for any district in Boston or New York. Every city from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, if it should vote to-morrow, would elect an Anti-Slavery Republican ticket. Therefore I say, my friends, that instead of spending our time and strength in sharp criticisms upon each other, I think we had better do that great work.

Mr. Wright spoke of getting the negro out of politics. I told our friends everywhere to make their Constitutions so that nobody in the world should know, by reading them, whether the people were white or black. They will do it. They will comply with the terms and conditions of Congress, and it is not for me or any other man to say what Congress will do. Congress has said to these people, "Comply with this law, and you shall be entitled to representation; elect men who can take the oath, and you shall be represented in Congress." Nobody has a right to question it. The faith of the nation is pledged. These States are to come in, and the question simply is, whether they shall come in as our friends or our enemies. I believe that those ten States will be, during the next ten years, the radical States of this nation. That is my faith and on that faith I choose to act.

A gentleman has expressed here the very strange sentiment, that he would rather see Jefferson Davis elected President of the United States than Gen. Grant. I can only say that gentlemen need not be concerned about a lost country. The country is saved, the cause of liberty is saved. The black men and women of those ten States will be on as perfect equality with the white men and women, as they are in Massachusetts; and in those States that do not give it, like Maryland and Kentucky, it will be given by a law of Congress, under the Constitutional Amendment—the greatest amendment any people have voted upon in this century, for the first provision of that Constitutional Amendment will be discussed in the Supreme Court, in our Legislatures, in Congress, its terms and conditions will be read, when the whole struggle for suffrage shall have passed out of the memories of men.

Mr. PHILLIPS—It is the most infamous Constitutional Amendment ever put forth.

Mr. WILSON—You and I differ about that. I believe that under that Constitutional Amendment, we have a clear right to establish suffrage all over the country. But if there is any question about that, I agree with Mr. Phillips, that the safest thing to do (and if it is the safest thing and a necessary thing, it will be done), is to amend the Constitution of the United States, and put it into the Constitution, so that it cannot be reversed by any man or set of men hereafter (applause); for I go as strongly as any man who lives for having this question settled upon the basis of absolute equality of rights.

I care but little about parties, except as organizations to effect certain work. The Republican party was formed to do this work, and if it fails, let it perish; it ought to perish, with the curses of man and of God upon it. [Applause.] If it does its duty, if it marches up to the standard it professes, as I know it will, I hope it will continue to hold this country until the cause of liberty is assured, and other issues come up. Why should it not live, if it marches with events? If not, in God's name let it die, because it ought to die; but it will have left in the history of the country, during the last seven years, a glorious record, that cannot be blurred or blotted out.

I will say in regard to Gens. Grant, Thomas, Sheridan, Pope, Hooker, that these men are Republicans, radical, earnest Republicans, every one of them. (Loud applause.) As to the results of any election next year, I have had no reference, in what I have done, to getting the votes of the South at that election. What I believe is, that the security of the colored men of the South demands that the government of those States shall go into the hands of men who sympathize with the ideas that made those people free. I believe that 90 out of 100 of the black men of the South will vote the Republican ticket; that there will be from 200,000 to 300,000 white men who will vote with them; that they will stand up square on the radical Republican platform of equal rights; and we of the East and of the West will have to be a little careful or we shall be charged by the men from South Carolina, Alabama, and Lousiana, with being Conservatives.

Mr. POWELL—Will Senator Wilson tell us what Southern radicals think of the impeachment of Johnson?

Mr. WILSON—I heard very little said on that subject. I believe in North Carolina they passed a resolution the other day in favor of impeachment. Some are for it, some against it. I take it, more for it there, by all odds, than in any other portion of the country. Our friends there are far more radical than the average of our friends in these States. I ought not to say anything about this matter of impeachment. I never have. If charges are made against Mr. Johnson, he must come before the Senate of the United States. Being a Senator, I should have to pass upon him, under the obligations of a new oath, and it does not become me, or any Senator, to commit himself, or say anything about it. (Loud applause.) I have made it the habit of my life to be willing to be criticized, especially by gentleman for whom I have great respect, as I have for the gentlemen of the Anti-Slavery Society. Sometimes they do it pretty sharply but I think I do not lose anything by it; that I shall be judged by them and the rest of the community by my course of life. I know myself that I have always tried to do right. There are questions on which I have differed from the gentlemen here, but I think, looking back seven years, there is hardly one where events have not proved that I was right. I am for equal, universal, and impartial liberty for all the human family; and the extirpation of drunkenness in any and every form. (Applause.) I regard slavery and whiskey as twin brothers, the enemies of the human family.

ADDRESS OF PARKER PILLSBURY.

It has seemed to me to-day, and particularly this afternoon, as though there was need of some definitions here; as though some of us were greatly confused, or, if not, were greatly in danger of confusing others. Two of the speakers have certainly taken very opposite views of the condition of the South. One of them has just returned from that portion of the country, and the other, our friend Mrs. Foster, has given thirty years and more of her life—which certainly embrace its strength and its flower—to the cause of humanity, always with an eye on the South, and she presents the condition of the South in a very different light from that in which it is represented by Mr. Wilson. I am inclined mainly to agree with her. I would far rather agree with Mr. Wilson, because I always desire to be hopeful, and it is not my fault if I am otherwise, only my misfortune. From Mr. Wilson's account, I infer that the millennium has very nearly begun in the rebel States. To be sure, they have their little peccadillos there yet, but that is to be expected. They will, he says, get drunk, and when they do that, they will, on occasion, shoot one another, as they did in the riot at Mobile. I take it, however, that is only when they are drunk, and we shall have to appeal from the Philips drunk to the Philips sober in the South. (Laughter.) With all due respect to our friend Wilson, I must say that all my evidences and assurances are greatly against the view which he has presented, and I must, therefore, side mainly with Mrs. Foster in that particular.

Then there is another difficulty. According to some of our friends, slavery in the South is abolished, and our work done. I think it should be settled here whether slavery be indeed abolished. Our great pioneer has just crossed the water, charged with a commission to the World's Anti-Slavery Convention to be held in Paris next August, and is to report there, not only slavery abolished, but the results of that abolition. He says that slavery is abolished, that his work is done. The community has declared for him, and voted him, instead of a halter, as at the beginning, a handsome bonus of $50,000. Now, if slavery is not abolished, that is a premature beneficence, and I think it is important that we understand it before we are called upon to contribute any further to that fund. Then the colored men are at work at this time collecting $250,000 to be expended in raising a monument to the memory of Abraham Lincoln. Without questioning the propriety of that at all, I may be permitted to ask, If Abraham Lincoln is deserving of a monument that shall cost $250,000, where shall we get money sufficient or marble white enough for a monument, when we come to construct it, to the memory of William Lloyd Garrison? (Loud applause.) It seems to me one of two things should be done; either we should admit that slavery has been abolished and our work done, and go on and raise the money for these various monuments, or else we should cease talking about monuments, and go to work and abolish slavery. I think we have had altogether too much talk about our work being done. The mistake of the Abolitionists was not inappropriately referred to by our friend Mr. Heywood. In the beginning of the struggle at arms, many of the Abolitionists felt their work was done; and one of our chief men announced at Framingham, the next 4th of July, that Samuel May, Jr., was no longer their General Agent, but that Winfield Scott had now taken charge of our affairs, and a large number of Abo-

litionists acted in accordance with that declaration. Our friend Mr. Phillips to-day intimates, what I hope, with him, may be true, that this may be one of the last meetings of the kind that there will ever be a necessity for holding. According to Mr. Wilson, I think it is entirely superogatory that we hold it at all, but according to Mrs. Foster, I greatly fear that we may have to hold many other meetings.

I am afraid that those who think their work really done have very little appreciation of the nature of the work we have in hand. The resolution relating to the Church which has been introduced is not a resolution to be lightly passed over. We have never yet, in this country, done anything on principle. I undertake to say that the religion of the United States itself never recognized a principle, and knows nothing of the meaning of that word. We abolished slavery as a military necessity, and sinners repent only from military necessity—because they fear that hell will be the consequence if they do not. Extinguish the flames of hell to-day, and the vocation of the clergy is at an end. We have got to define principles for the country, and until we have done it, our work does not begin to be done. We have never abolished slavery by any other than the strongest necessity. We are giving suffrage just as fast and just as far as we can appropriate it to our purposes, and there is not a party in this land that contemplates granting suffrage on any other principle, and there never has been.

I say, it was military necessity, and nothing else, that abolished slavery. We had wrinkled the whole South with almost three-quarters of a million of graves, and even that sacrifice was not sufficient. We had to extend across them all the dead form of Abraham Lincoln as the sealing sacrifice. And yet, though that harvest is past, and that summer is ended, the nation is not saved. Where, now, shall we look for salvation? From what source, from what holy hill of Zion shall salvation come down? There is no other Abraham Lincoln to die, and God, I think, will save us from the blasting disgrace of repeating that form of sacrifice in the present incumbent of the Presidential chair (applause,) for I think with an old friend and neighbor of mine up in New Hampshire, that He has altogether too high a regard for His scroll of martyrs to dishonor it with any such name. Where, then, shall we look for salvation? I know of but one source. The lamentation of the ancient Hebrew prophet was—and some of my friends are very fond of likening me to him—"None calleth for justice;" and (must I say it, Mr. Chairman?) this platform does not call for justice. The Association represented here does not call for justice, it is only expediency; and I tell you, the day of expediency is passed. The magazines of Heaven are not exhausted, if the armories of the South are, and we are still fighting against justice and against God with our demands for suffrage for but half the human race. I would as soon suffrage were limited by color as by sex. I would rather see suffrage in the hands of the Lydia Maria Childs of the North, for the salvation of the country, than in the hands of those poor men at the South who went to Mrs. Gage and demanded that the Church should marry them to their wives, because, unless they were thus married, they could not claim their wives' wages. I do not believe the colored people are angels. I have not the slightest idea that slavery ever made a generation of angels under heaven. I do not expect the colored men of the South are any better than the white men of the North.

Mr. Phillips—Was the American Anti-Slavery movement ever organized to give Lydia Maria Child a vote?

Mr. Pillsbury—It never was.

Mr. Phillips—Then why, on this platform, does any speaker undertake to ask an assemblage congregated under the auspices of the American Anti-Slavery movement, to attempt to give Mrs. Child a vote!

Mr. Foster—I will ask another question: if it was ever organized for the purpose of overthrowing the landed aristocracy of Great Britain? and if not, how we could properly entertain that question at New York?

Mr. Pillsbury—I believe the Constitution of the American Society has a clause like this: that this Society will labor to elevate the colored people of the South to equal rights and privileges with the whites. [Mr. Phillips—"Exactly."] The Constitution of the American Anti-Slavery Society proposes the abolition of slavery. There the question comes with which I commenced my remarks. I want to know if slavery be abolished. If slavery be abolished, then, if the question of suffrage follows legitimately, as our friend admits that it does, so far as black *men* are concerned, I can see no impropriety or inconsistency in raising the question whether *woman* ought not to have the right of suffrage in the South, as the black man has.

Our friend Mrs. Foster gave a most terrific account of that mob at Memphis, and then she spoke of male suffrage as the only guarantee against that class of evils. Who suffered the most in that affair, the men or the women? I cannot see how giving suffrage to the black men, who were the least sufferers there, can reach the black women who resisted even unto death in the struggle with the mob. Unless suffrage shall be far better appreciated by black men than it is by white men, either North or South, I think it would be a doubtful experiment to give it to black men and not to black women.

I never raised this question in any organized Anti-Slavery Society; but this is not a meeting of an Anti-Slavery Society, it is a New England Convention. The officers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society may have the prerogative of calling it, but I deny that they have any right to give it law, any more than the British and Foreign Society, in 1840, had the right to give law to that World's Anti-Slavery Convention which excluded Mrs. Mott. If the Convention votes that it will not entertain the question of the right of black women as well as black men to suffrage, I will yield at once; but I demand, as a member of this Convention, that it pass upon that question before my friend Mr. Foster or myself shall be denied the right to consider it here.

It seems to me that there is nothing in the whole of our friend Mr. Phillips's course here but expediency, which has already cost the country three-quarters of a million of lives, to say nothing of the uncounted thousands of millions of treasure; and I wonder if it is wise to reconstruct this government again, amid the very rattling of God's thunderbolts, on principles of expediency! Have we not had enough of it? Is not one war sufficient? Must caste and class legislation still invite and invoke the judgments of the Almighty? I have yet to learn my duty as an Abolitionist if it be so. I doubt very much the propriety of excluding the discussion of this subject from the platform of the American Anti-Slavery Society; I did not raise the question there; I did not second it when it was raised; but when that Society or any other comes into this Convention and demands of me that I conform to their rules and regulations, I want them to show me the right.

I have only this to say. Mr. Foster's resolution makes the broad declaration, that the right of suffrage is a natural right. Is that true, or is it false? If it be true, then I say, any reconstruction of this government on a basis excluding one-half of the inhabitants of the country is a degree of expediency that is scarcely paralleled by the compromises of the Constitution itself. We are wiser to-day than our fathers were ninety years ago; we are wiser to-day than the founders and framers of the Anti-Slavery Society, or else the most fearful experiences ever realized among men have been thrown away upon us, and we have learned nothing from them. I say it is only a further pushing of the doctrine of expediency, when you propose to give suffrage to the black men of the South, and deny it to the black women.

I wonder if a black man must come and beg suffrage as a boon. Shall a black soldier go and fight and see his brothers fall and die around him, and must he then return, pruned of limbs, plucked of eyes, and scarred all over with the battle-axe of war, and hobble up and beg the boon of the ballot of the government he perilled all to save? Did the black man earn his right to suffrage at Olustee and Port Hudson, or did he bring it with him fresh from the hand of his Creator? What would the right to life be, without the right to acquire and possess the means for its support? Or what would be the right to liberty, to man or woman, without the right of suffrage, the only sure guarantee, as Mr. Sumner says, to every citizen? Or shall we say that the rights of the body are greater and more important than the rights of the immortal part? Have the stomach and the eyes rights which the organs of the soul have not! May I have the right to eat bread and save the body, which, after all, is but the larder of worms, and shall the mind, the understanding, the reason, the conscience and the will, be dispossessed of all rights, and all be compelled to bow to the behests of tyrants, because they are of a whiter skin than mine?

I claim that the right of the black man to suffrage was his when he was created, and not when he fell in battle—

Mr. Phillips—Has the anti-slavery movement ever undertaken to settle whether or not suffrage is a *natural right?*

Mr. Pillsbury—I do not know that it ever has; I do not know that it is important it should.

Mr. Phillips—It must, before it passes that resolution.

Mr. Pillsbury—When you tell me the black man has the right to suffrage, and you mean he shall enjoy it, I want to know on what ground he has it?

Mrs. Foster—To save him from slavery.

Mr. Foster—Who is going to save the black *woman* from slavery?

A Voice—Her husband.

Mr. Pillsbury—"Her husband!" I say, God pity her, then! It is time we had done with this trifling. The right of suffrage, if it came from God, came for woman as well as man. If it is a right of the soul, it is the right of every woman as well as of every man, unless Mahomedanism be true, and women have no souls to be damned.

I will not detain the audience. ("Go on.") I only insist upon this: that the right of suffrage being a God-given right, it is rebellion against God to withhold it from any of his creatures. (Applause.)

(Continued on the Fifth Colnmn.)

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1867.

Wendell Phillips's

Speeches and Lectures, a handsomely-bound volume, 562 pages, with steel portrait, will be sent, post-paid, to any person renewing a subscription for the National Anti-Slavery Standard and sending the name of one new subscriber ($6), or for two new subscribers, $3 a year.

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Wendell Phillips is Special Editorial Contributor.

Address AARON M. POWELL,
Editor of the National Anti-Slavery Standard,
39 Nassau street, New York.

CONFISCATION.

The object of punishment should be prevention for the future, rather than vengeance for the past. This, which is true at all times, is specially important in cases of rebellion and attempted revolution. When kept within this description, the punishment, even of a large class, is less likely to stir sympathy for them. The spectator recognizes not only the justice, but the absolute necessity, of the infliction.

Confiscation of estates, especially landed estates, comes clearly within this rule. It has always been the most efficient and the least objectionable method of introducing any great social change. The Norman conquest of England was secured and made complete by a large measure of confiscation. The French Revolution achieved almost all that was really valuable in its results, by breaking up and distributing the great landed estates. This killed aristocracy in France. In our own Revolution, Toryism was rooted up by confiscating the estates of the old Colonial Refugees. Land is the usual basis of government; the class that holds it must, in the long run, give tone and character to the Administration. It is manifestly suicidal, therefore, to leave it in the hands of the hostile party. Take our Southern States. The white race there hate the Union; their plan and hope is to cripple and baulk it. Military ill success has no more converted these rebels into loyal citizens, than political failure has changed Northern Democrats into Republicans. The war has no more converted the Johnstons and the Hamptons, than it has the Seymours and the Woods. Is it safe, then, to risk the return of such men to power? But they are certain to wield great power if they come back holders of broad lands, while the negro and the poor white are landless. The ballot is a great force; but so are intelligence and wealth. Now, for fifty years past, the men in England who had no ballot still had great intelligence and large wealth; but the history of their long struggle to obtain the ballot shows us the power of the landed class to resist the other forces of society. After ninety years' hard fight, between intelligence and wealth on one side and land on the other, the result is still incomplete. Many years will yet be consumed in the angry contest. Events, to be sure, move faster here; but, with the power now in our hands wholly to prevent the need of any such struggle, surely we should be mad to leave matters at the South in such condition as will produce it. Suppose that twenty-five years here will do more than fifty in England, in such a struggle—what then? Better, no doubt, to save even those twenty-five years, and begin at once the era of peace.

The South reconstructed, with the land left in the hands of its present owners, will bring us much nearer in likeness to Mexico than to England. In Mexico the church held immense landed and other estates. Although successive chiefs conferred civil and political rights on the masses, they were still mere forms when brought to bear against the church. She had the superstition of the people on her side, and the power of landed wealth to back it. Just so at the South. The dependent classes, white and black, will, for some time, inevitably be overawed by the social prestige of the old masters. This element will much resemble the superstition of the Mexican. Standing behind this subtle force will be the land of those States. These two forces can hardly fail to exert most disastrous influence on Southern politics.

It may be urged that the white and black voters can buy land as their brothers do at the North. That will take time. Meanwhile, the enemy *hold it.* Confiscation is needed as much to weaken our enemy as to strengthen our friends. Without a large measure of confiscation, those States cannot be safely readmitted for seven or ten years. Confiscation is the only trustworthy barrier against another revolt. Not only is the rebel who loses his land weakened, but the man who succeeds to it, *holding his estate only while the federal government stands,* becomes our sure and trustworthy ally and defender. No class so sure to stand by the flag in any trouble, as those who have invested their all in it.

Again, confiscation is mere, naked justice to the former slave. Who brought the land into cultivation? Whose sweat and toil are mixed with it forever? Who cleared those forests? Who made those roads? Whose hand reared those houses? Whose wages are invested in those warehouses and towns? Of course, the negro's. Does the nation call it justice to turn out such a one penniless, ignorant, naked to begin the world? Why should he not have a share of his inheritance? We used to hear much of compensation. I am in favor of it—

> "Pay ransom to the owner
> And fill the bag to the brim.
> Who is the owner? The slave is
> And ever was. Pay him."

Compensate the slave. Divide with him what the past generation of blacks and whites have accumulated. The master's ill desert, the nation's need, security for the future and justice to the negro all demand confiscation.

Wendell Phillips.

The extended report which we present of the proceedings of the New England Anti-Slavery Convention compels us to defer favors of several valued correspondents, including our regular Boston letter and another from our Paris correspondent, and much other interesting and important matter pertaining to current events.

We hope to be able next week to present again our usual variety, and to find space for some things already too long deferred.

A large meeting of the colored people of this city was held on the evening of the 6th inst., to petition the Constitutional Convention for the abolition of the property qualification. Prof. Charles L. Reason presided. Among those who addressed the meeting were Rev. Mr. Garnet, Hon. E. D. Culver, Prof. W. H. Day, Maj. Haggerty, A. M. Powell and others. We shall print the resolutions next week.

Gen. Griffin has removed the city police of Galveston, Texas, because of their inefficiency and hostility to the negro. The new force is composed of loyal and chosen men. Several of them are colored.

We have received the resolutions and a brief account of the Waterloo Yearly Meeting of Friends of Progress, which we shall present next week.

The proceedings of the State Constitutional Convention now in session at Albany, have embraced, thus far, only general preparations for the revisory work to be done.

We invite the attention of those wishing to go into the country for the Summer to a quiet pleasant home, to the card of Mr. Joseph Foster, of Kingston, N. Y., which appears elsewhere advertising Summer board. The location is near the village of Kingston, on the west side of the Hudson. That entire region is delightful as a Summer retreat from the city, and by steamer and Hudson River Railroad, is within easy access.

PERSONAL.

Hon. Wm. D. Kelley was the recipient of a complimentary serenade in Philadelphia a few evenings since.

P. T. Barnum's residence at Bridgeport has been disposed of at private sale by Messrs. A. J. Bleecker, Son & Co., to Wm. Reed, of this city.

Rev. Dr. Chapin last Sunday evening preached a sermon before the Liberal Christian Union, at the Church of the Divine Paternity, on the subject of "Night Shadows."

Hon. B. F. Wade made a speech at Lawrence, Kansas, on the 8th inst., in favor of the pending proposition in that State to extend the franchise to women upon equal terms with men.

Garabaldi has left Florence, for what purpose is hinted in the following passage from a letter in the *Independance Belge:* "He has gone to a country seat near Arezzo, and appears to be determined henceforth to concentrate all his attention and all his efforts upon the Roman question. His health is completely re-established.

Rosa Bonheur writes the following to the *Moniteur des Arts* of Paris, in reply to the statement that she had gone mad:

"Sir: Not only has the *Europe* not hesitated to state that I had gone mad, but it even gives details of the malady. I leave the public to judge of such a proceeding, and I beg you to state so in your next number.

Rosa Bonheur.

Dr. S. G. Howe writes from Athens to the Secretary of the Cretan Relief Committee in Boston, under date of May 16: "I have been here and at work a week. The number and the sufferings of the refugees have not been exaggerated. The funds, however, from Russia and England were not quite exhausted, and I am, therefore, in time as far as the application of our funds is concerned. They will be of unspeakable use. Assure our contributors, men and women, that their gift will do great good, and bring down thanks and prayers. The defeat, for such it is, of Omar Pasha's grand expedition, settles the Cretan campaign, if not the ultimate fate of the island."

Philadelphia Correspondence.

Philadelphia, June 10, 1867.

Our friends on the other side of the Delaware are manifesting zeal and vigilance in their endeavors to promote the cause of equal suffrage in New Jersey. Their goodly efforts are worthy of all praise. They seem to know the value of timely agitation to the advancement of a great movement, and are determined to be among the foremost in declaring the black man's right to the use of the ballot, claiming for this question the precedence for immediate political consideration. The earnestness they display is gratifying to the friends of the great cause, who watch with deep interest any action of co-laborers in the reform. In New Jersey, as well as in other States, this work must go on and prosper hopefully, and a few leading spirits there may feel that on their energies and devotion large dependence is placed. Let us hope that their resolution may not languish.

Recently a large Mass Convention was held at Trenton, called in behalf of equal suffrage. The audience is represented to have been full of enthusiasm, and the meeting was a fine success. James M. Scovel presided. This gentleman has an unfailing purpose to advance the noble cause, and his example for constant energy and unceasing activity deserves commendation. He has spoken repeatedly of late, and his utterances have been vigorous and forcible, indicating thorough radical convictions. His emphatic labors have not been fruitless, and we may esteem him as among our efficient champions of the good work. He is eloquent and capable, full of true words and ever ready for deeds.

Among the speakers at the meeting were Robert Purvis and Isaiah Ware of this city. A correspondent writing to the *Press* says, "The speeches of Purvis and Ware, both colored men, were the features of the meeting, and for sarcasm and real force, pungency and wit, have rarely been equalled, and have never been surpassed by any we have heard. Mr. Purvis related his European experience, and detailed many incidents to show the folly of the prejudice against any man because he was black. The audience were *en rapport* with the speaker, and the meeting was one of the most enthusiastic we have ever attended, thoroughly in accord with the advanced radicalism of the day."

I am glad that our friend Mr. Purvis was at the meeting, and made such a good impression. This could not be otherwise, however, for no intelligent audience can listen to his glowing eloquence, vivid with the highest conception of truth and justice, without being thrilled with delight, and quickened into a feryor kindred with his own.

Isaiah Ware is a resident of this city. There is no mistaking his genealogy when you look into his coal-black face; but no degree of sable tinge can screen the intelligence that twinkles there. He is quick and sharp-sighted. His speech is vigorous and full of ardor. There is native power in him that ought much oftener to be brought out into active service. On a number of occasions I have heard him introduce speakers in the lecture halls of Philadelphia, and in his brisk, off hand way he always does it well. He is President of the Social, Civil and Statistical Association of the Colored People of Pennsylvania," which has done so much for the welfare of the colored race.

Resolutions were passed at the Trenton meeting declaring that a republic, to be lasting, must be founded on civil and political equality; that universal suffrage and free lands should be the basis on which every State should be reconstructed; that the Legislature of New Jersey and the Constitutional Convention of New York should remove the restriction of color from the exercise of the right of suffrage, and likewise all distinctions not founded on different degrees of intelligence and virtue.

An important part of the work done by the Convention was the formation of an Equal Suffrage Society for the State. Of this Association, James M. Scovel was chosen President. The election of Lucy Stone as one of the Vice-Presidents, is a gratifying indication of the advanced sentiment and enlightened liberality of the meeting. The people there had judgment enough to know that they could perform no better, no worthier act than to make that wise and good selection. These energetic spirits are a guarantee that the Association will live and work, prosper and triumph.

Mr. Henry Vincent sails for Europe, on the 12th instant. Financially this gentlemen has been happily successful in America. He has delighted thousands of our people over the whole North who have listened to his exuberant eloquence, and now goes home elated with a pleasing experience. Have we not all believed that Mr. Vincent stood among the foremost of England's liberal minds? Yet he rejoices, strange to say, over the vote recently given by John Bright against Stuart Mill's suffrage measure, so liberal in its provisions, and so far in advance of anything of the kind hitherto presented in Parliament. Bright's honored name, honors not the glorious list of seventy-three, and Vincent expresses joy over that fact. Mill stands grandly beyond these.

W.

CONFISCATION.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM THADDEUS STEVENS.

Lancaster, Thursday, May 23, 1867.

To the Chairman of the County Committee and the Assessors of the Townships of the Counties of Adams, Franklin, Fulton, Bedford, Somerset, Perry, Cumberland and York.

Gentlemen: As I am about to prosecute the claims for confiscation at the next session of Congress, if I should be permitted to appear there, I desire to ascertain certain facts. Will you aid me in procuring them in a small part of our own State? Invite returns from all the people in each township of the amount of property which the Rebel raiders, or the armies of the so-called "Confederate States," destroyed or appropriated to their own use during their several incursions into Pennsylvania, and hand the same to the Assessors of the different townships, who are requested to return the aggregate for each township to the Chairmen of the respective parties of the different counties. May I here ask that the various newspapers of the counties above named publish this notice for a few weeks in aid of the object specified, as I intend to press the payment of the damages done to loyal men out of the confiscated property of the conquered belligerent. I desire each and every person who resided in the above-named counties to make out a list of the amount of all property of which he was despoiled by the rebel raiders or the rebel government, and return the same to the assessors of his township, who, I hope, will forward the same to the Chairmen of the County Committees of each party, who, I hope, will take the trouble to aggregate the same and return it to me. I desire a fair valuation to be placed on all the property, whether personal property abstracted, or real property destroyed, except Caledonia Iron Works in the county of Franklin, which will not be appraised, as no remuneration is claimed for it. This may seem to be asking our friends to take considerable trouble, but as a small part of the labor only falls to each person, it will be found light. I hope it may finally prove profitable to the injured people. Yours, Thaddeus Stevens.

P. S. Were it not presumptuous in me, I would invite all the loyal men of all the States who have been plundered by rebel raiders or confiscated by the Confederate States, or either of them, to form associations and furnish statistics, such as are above solicited. Claims so imperatively just must be finally allowed and paid, but the funds to pay the same will certainly be raised nowhere except out of the fines and confiscation of the richer and more atrocious malefactors. Feeble as my powers are, if I had five years more added to my life, I should not doubt but that this would become an accomplished fact. Such justice urged by a determined will, though feeble intellect, cannot fail. If I should be denied that extension of life, Providence will raise up to the work some younger and abler man to whom these facts would be of great assistance. I trust it will not be supposed that I have abandoned the determination to procure small homesteads for the freedmen, to be furnished by the rebel masters whom they conquered at our request—homesteads earned by the late slaves and annexed to their masters' estates. Let them now be severed by partition.

All the newspapers in the several counties named are respectfully requested to publish this article.

LITERARY.

The May number of the London *Art Journal* contains its usual variety of agreeable miscellany and some excellent illustrations, besides a continuation of the descriptive papers on the Paris Exhibition. The agents in this city are Virtue, Yorston & Co., 12 Dey street.

Rev. Dr. Osgood's memoir, entitled "New York in the Nineteenth Century," read before the New York Historical Society at its sixty-second anniversary meeting, has been published in a handsome pamphlet, with a copious appendix, containing valuable statistics. It may be procured at the rooms of the Historical Society in Second avenue.

D. Appleton & Co. have in press "The Physiology and Pathology of the Mind," by Henry Maudsley, M.D., London; "The Human Element in the Inspiration of the Sacred Scriptures," by J. F. Curtis, D.D.; "The Culture Demanded by Modern Life," series of addresses and arguments on the claims of scientific education, by Professor Tyndal and others, edited, with an introduction, by Edward L. Youmans.

RECEIVED.

The Golden Heart, by Mrs. J. McNair Wright, 360 pages. Boston: Henry Hoyt, publisher.

Old Sunapee, by Mary Dwinell Chellis, 439 pages. Boston: Henry Hoyt, publisher.

Culm Rock, by Glance Gaylord, 432 pages. Boston: Henry Hoyt, publisher.

Carl's Home, by Sarah G. Cornell, 333 pages. Boston: Henry Hoyt, publisher.

The Edinburgh Review for April; American Edition. New York: The Leonard Scott Publishing Company.

Sixth Annual Report of the Woman's Hospital of Philadelphia, 16 pages.

Demorest's Monthly for July. New York: W. J. Demorest, 473 Broadway.

How to Teach, by W. H. Grosse, 28 pages. Philadelphia.

The Teacher, by W. S. Blacket, 47 pages. Philadelphia: S. W. Thomas.

Speech of Hon. Charles Sumner on the Cession of Russian America to the United States. Pp. 48.

Every Saturday. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Littell's Living Age, E. Littell, Editor. Boston: Littell & Gay.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

(Continued from the Second Column.)

ADDRESS OF MR. PHILLIPS.

Mr. President: I echo the last sentiment of Mr. Pillsbury: "It is time to have done with this trifling"—the most valuable remark he has made. And the first word I heard this afternoon, as I entered the hall, was equally noteworthy. Mr. Alcott was saying, as I came in, "There are very few men able to discriminate." Discrimination is one of our most valuable and last acquired qualities. The difficulty with the eloquent speech of Mr. Pillsbury, and that of Mr. Foster which preceded it, is that they were both utterly lacking in discrimination. (Applause.) There was not a word uttered by Mr. Pillsbury or Mr. Foster from which, on a broad basis, any Abolitionist with whom I am acquainted ever has dissented or does dissent to-day.

Mrs. E. H. Heywood—Are you, as teachers of the community, on any other basis than the broadest moral basis that effects human beings?

Mr. Phillips—Yes, we are; and that is the very point I wish to touch. We are not a universal reform society; we never assumed to be. The American Anti-Slavery movement has one character—distinctive, specific, limited. Mr. Pillsbury asks this question—"Did the black man get his right to the ballot at Olustee, or did God give it to him?" *I do not know, on this platform.* The American Anti-Slavery movement has never undertaken to settle which way he gets it. The American Anti-Slavery movement has never undertaken to settle whether suffrage is a natural right, or whether woman has the right to the suffrage, an inevitable inference if suffrage be a natural right. We had a definite, distinct and limited purpose, announced in our original Declaration of Sentiments and in the constitution of our Society, which was to put the black race where the white race were. That was all. We did not undertake to say what the next step of the white race ought to be. We did not undertake to say what great principles lay outside of our arena; we had nothing to say on those subjects. Other principles have come athwart us half a dozen times. One of the first we met was the question of land monopoly. A body of men came on our platform, exactly as Mr. Pillsbury stands here to-day, and said to us, "You cannot abolish slavery, which is inherent in our present civilization, unless you will include in your platform the limitation of land ownership. It is a cardinal principle, that God's land cannot be owned, and this civilization, which averts its gaze from that principle is unequal to grappling with slavery." We replied, "We have nothing to say on the question of land limitation. That affects white men as well as black men—all races—all conditions. This Society comes together merely to attack an evil which affects *black men* only—one race; and when we have put them where the other races are, we have done our work. Then, if land limitation is a good thing for human beings, we shall join in the crusade."

The second question we met was like to it. Mr. Foster and Mr. Pillsbury were closely connected with it. It came from New Hampshire. We were told, "You cannot abolish slavery unless you grapple with the idea that there can be a church. The idea that there can be such a thing as a church carries with it the original, indestructible poison of caste, a priesthood, one class domineering over another, and you must get rid of it before you can destroy slavery." We were asked to declare by resolution (and I have argued this question a dozen times on this platform, with these very friends)—we were asked, I say, to declare that the idea of a church was pro-slavery; and we said, "We have nothing to do with the question of a church; it may or it may not be; but it affects black men and white men alike, and we are here to grapple with evils that touch the black man only.

Mr. Foster—Mr. Phillips attributes to my friend Mr. Pillsbury and myself a wrong position. We never went against an organized church on this platform.

Mr. Phillips—It came to us through New Hampshire Abolitionists, led by N. P. Rogers. We met it as we have met this question to-day. The American Anti-Slavery movement does not undertake to settle any of these great outside questions; it undertakes to settle merely that the laws and customs of this nation shall be so changed as to make the black race and the white race equals. In the language quoted from the constitution of the American Anti-Slavery Society, "The Society shall aim to elevate the condition, etc., of the people of color, and * * * that they may share an equality with the whites of civil and religious privileges.' As our Declaration of Sentiments in 1833 said—"We believe and affirm that all persons of color who possess the qualifications demanded of others should be admitted forthwith to the enjoyment of the same privileges as others—that the paths of preferment, of wealth and intelligence should be opened as widely to them as to persons of a white complexion." That is our object, the end of our effort. Some one comes and tells me I am recreant to humanity unless I endorse all justice on *this* platform. It is an absurdity. I cannot endorse temperance on this platform; that is part of my justice. I cannot endorse education here; that is part of my justice. I cannot endorse half a dozen questions which I see before me. The eight-hour movement—that is part of my justice; but I cannot bring it here. It affects white men as well as black men.

Mr. Foster—Suppose you brought the eight-hour question here, and applied it to men, and Mr. Pillsbury and myself should insist that you should apply it to women, then the question would be analagous. You bring the question of suffrage here, and we ask you to make it impartial.

Mr. Phillips—I am coming to that question. Mr. Foster says, if we are to save the government, we are to do so-and-so. We have no such purpose, no such function. We are not met to save the government. He said again, "If we are to dictate the terms of reconstruction, we are to do so-and so." We are not here to dictate the terms of reconstruction.

Mr. Pillsbury—Did you not state, as one of the very distinct things for us to do, that we should demand that education be secured in the United States? Did you mean for men only?

Mr. Phillips—I will answer that question in a moment. We are here to save the government and to dictate the terms of reconstruction, *so far, and only so far, as the salvation of the government and the establishment of those terms affect the negro.* All that we have to do with reconstruction has reference to the negro's interest in it, nothing else. Mr. Heywood glanced at the question of the repudiation of the public debt, as inherent in reconstruction. We have nothing to do with it. We have to do with reconstruction and suffrage only so far as they affect the negro. My friends say to me, "Does it not affect negro women as well as men?" Undoubtedly. But what is *this Society* pledged to do? To put the black race where the white race stands. Have white women got the suffrage? (Applause.) If they could come here and say to me, "The white women of North Carolina have the suffrage, and, therefore, under your pledge of 1833, you are obliged to put the black women where the white women are," I should say, Amen.

Mrs. Heywood—Are we to understand that you have done away with the word "impartial?"

Mr. Phillips—Altogether. We have nothing to do with the question of justice for all men. This Anti-Slavery body claim it for negroes—nothing else. But let me put you an illustration. Suppose I stood in England fifty years ago in an Anti-Slavery meeting, and I was claiming freedom for English negroes, I should not claim suffrage. All I should claim for the negro in England would be, that he should stand where the white peasant stood, and he had not the ballot. Why do I claim it here? Because, when the white man has the ballot, the negro is not his equal, unless he has the ballot. (Hear, hear.) That is the reason I claim it. But the black woman of North Carolina is the equal of the white woman of North Carolina, without the ballot. (Applause.) I, as an Abolitionist, never undertook to put the black woman of North Carolina above the white woman of North Carolina. (Renewed applause.) All the Anti-Slavery movement has ever undertaken to do is to put the black men of the South where the white men of the South stand, and the black women of the South where the white women of the South stand; that is all. More than that you cannot ask of us as an *Anti-Slavery* body.

These gentlemen say we are bound to cover certain ample ground. They should come here like men come here frankly and say, "This Anti-Slavery movement for the past thirty years has been a narrow and a limited movement. We have been restricted to a certain narrow channel of effort, and we ask you to change it. We come to you, brothers, and say our organization has been a narrow one, with a limited purpose; we want to make it universal." That would be fair. I, for one, should say, "Gentlemen, you will allow me to retire. I do not wish to belong to any such movement. My labors are *discriminating* labors. I shall go next week on the temperance platform, and argue one point. I shall go to Faneuil Hall in behalf of labor and capital, and argue another. I shall go on a third platform, and argue woman's right to the ballot. I came here to argue this, and nothing else—the right of the American negro to stand where the American white man stands. All this talk about "expediency" is merely word-catching. My friend Pillsbury says that when I preach expediency, I am preaching the doctrine of compromise. Why, "expediency" is not a word to be banished from the Dictionary. It is a good word, a good thing. The only evil of expediency and compromise is when you undertake to compromise right. But expediency is the use of means, expediency in your method, is only like a physician deciding whether he will give you a stimulant or a sedative, whether he will use his knife or a drug. That is expediency. A wise man asks, "Can I accomplish my purpose better by including a dozen issues or only one? Can I cut best with the sharp edge of the axe or the back of it." In other words, "Can I get a better working machine by endeavoring to introduce three questions, on which the body will have different opinions, or by introducing one, on which there can be no difference of opinion, and all will work together, like one machine?" It is there that expediency comes in. Mr. Pillsbury knows full well, that no man has ever stood on this platform and said one word, or permitted one word to be said, against the right of woman to the ballot. It is not opposing woman's right of suffrage to say the question shall not come *here,* any more than it is opposition to temperance to say that that question shall not come here. What right has one of my temperance associates in the New England alliance to charge me with being recreant to the temperance cause if I should fling under the table a resolution pledging us here to temperance or the prohibitory law? It does not belong here. My reply would be to the brother who introduced it, "You are introducing an apple of discord; you are undertaking to divide and weaken us on the question of prohibition and the Maine law; it does not belong here."

I object to this resolution of Mr. Foster, because, in the first place, he says, whereas the right of suffrage is a natural right, therefore we, *as Abolitionists,* are bound to do so-and-so. The Abolitionists of this country have never undertaken to settle that it is a natural right. We cannot be bound to the cause indicated unless we *as Abolitionists,* have acknowledged the principle that it is a natural right, and that we have never acknowledged.

Mr. Foster—You deny it, if you do not acknowledge it.

Mr. Phillips—We neither acknowledge it nor deny it, on this platform. (Applause.) I protest against being charged with denying a principle because I do not advocate it, on this platform. (Loud applause.) My mouth is sealed on this platform in regard to many a principle that I love. But Mr. Foster stands here and charges me with maintaining or denying a principle upon which I can neither say Aye nor No upon this platform. No man has a right to ask me what I think of the natural right of suffrage on this platform, any more than what I think of the prohibitory law, or the doctrine of election; it is not germain to this platform; and although my friend the Chairman did perfectly right in not throwing the resolution under the table, as I did a similar one, rightfully, as President of the American Anti-Slavery Society, because the organization of this body is not so rigid as that—I hold that, as a matter of good faith to each other, as a matter of common sense, with the history of thirty years behind us, successful because our platform has been limited, we should not undertake to introduce these new questions. For one, I will never consent, in the service of the negro, to jeopard his cause by undertaking to make that cause mean more than it does; and I feel that I am only doing justice to the negro, and the thirty years of labor that have placed him where he is, when I say that it was unfair for Mr. Pillsbury to put the claims of Lydia Maria Child side by side with his *on this platform.* She would be the last woman in the land to ask that any claim she might have should come here, to disturb or derange in the least the methodical efficiency of this movement, and the hitherto successful effort to confine our work into one channel, like the miller, who confines his water within a limited water-course and makes it effective because it is *confined.* You might as well take the Lowell falls and extend them over the county of Middlesex, and then expect them to turn the mills, as to take this movement and, after extending its pledges over the whole moral universe, expect it to effect anything. We should have every man with a separate *ism.* There can be no harmonious co-operation with so many strings. We get efficient, systematic, effective co-operation solely by whittling down our claims to the one element—the right of the negro to be put where the white man stands. It has been the effort of thirty years to bar out these great radical questions, which are large enough to be entitled to a platform of their own. We have said, "We will admit, brothers, any question which is not large enough to be entitled to a platform of its own; any one that comes in as *means,* subsidiary, auxiliary to ours; but whenever a great question arises, like that of woman's rights, church organization, land limitation, broad enough, radical enough to have a platform of its own, it does not belong here, and it comes here only to confuse, divide and weaken us." For one, I will never consent that the proved wisdom of thirty years shall be set aside at this late day by marrying our issue to half a dozen other issues, that are equally able to fight their own battles.

H. C. Wright—The call of this Convention limits it to the rights of the colored man.

Mr. Foster—Does that mean both sexes, or only one?

Mr. Phillips, from the Business Committee, submitted the following additional resolutions:

Resolved, That there can be no absolute security for the legal right of the negro to the ballot, until it is guaranteed to him by the provisions of the United States Constitution.

Resolved, That in the death of George L. Stearns, the negro race loses one of its most devoted, generous, and efficient friends; a man whose keen insight, tireless zeal, unfaltering hope and open hand make his death one of the greatest losses which the Anti-Slavery movement could possibly meet.

Mr. Foster—I wish simply to say, as Mr. Phillips has evaded every one of my questions in regard to the analogies of the cases he has brought before us, that it must be remembered that the gentleman himself brings the question of suffrage here. He says, if we should bring the question of temperance here, it could not be entertained. Very well; we do not bring the question of suffrage here; he brings it, and we say, if you act at all, you should act impartially.

The Convention then adjourned to 7½ o'clock.

EVENING SESSION.

The Convention met again at the hour appointed, the President occupying the chair. J. F. Manning, Esq., of Worcester, was introduced as the first speaker. He announced himself as a member of the Republican party, and referred to the criticisms on Senator Wilson, which he said he thought it needless to answer, for the Senator's own course was a sufficient reply. The Republicans, he said, were as firmly fixed in their position as Bunker Hill monument, and he wanted to ask whether the Abolitionists could not unite and co-operate with them, in which position their counsels would have infinitely more weight than when they stood outside.

The speaker referred to the Presidential election of 1868, as an event that would largely mould the future of this country, and said that he did not consider Gen. Grant, because he wore the greenest laurel of any man who led in the great rebellion, a fit man to occupy the Presidential chair. It did not follow, because a man

ad been successful in one department, that he would succeed in another and very different one. He thanked the American people to learn that manhood and statesmanship should control in the selection of candidates, and not mere availability. Mr. Manning concluded by reciting, in a spirited manner, a poem in honor of the soldiers who fought for "the red, white and blue."

H. C. WRIGHT said the question under discussion in the afternoon was very easily settled by a simple statement of facts. The Anti-Slavery organization was formed simply to apply the self-evident truths of the Declaration of Independence to a particular class of people who existed in this nation, who had been ignored by Church and State, so far as the application of the principle that "all men are created equal" was concerned. On the platform of the Convention, according to the call, he had no right to discuss the question of repudiation, or whether woman had the right to vote or not. He protested most earnestly against Mr. Pillsbury's and Mr. Foster's remarks. He denied utterly that he had even neglected the question of woman's rights, or refused to act upon it, in any place where it was proper he should act upon it. This Convention was called simply and solely to discuss the question of the rights of the colored race, and there was so much to be done on that subject, it seemed to him that they had no time for anything else. Furthermore, they all knew that the question of the hour was the rights of the colored race. All this Convention undertook to say was, that colored men and women should stand side by side with white men and women.

Mr. Wright said he soberly believed that unless this question was settled in two years, we should have a hard struggle hereafter. He did not wish to leave the question for posterity to settle. He believed it to be the duty of the Anti-Slavery people, not only for the black man's sake, but for the white man's sake, to secure a constitutional guarantee that no State government should exist hereafter that based the rights of its citizens upon the color of the skin. He thought they had a right to ask a constitutional guarantee that the black man should stand side by side with the white man, and the black woman stand side by side with the white woman.

STEPHEN S. FOSTER rose and claimed the floor, but the President stated that Mr. W. W. Brown, one of the advertised speakers, was entitled to it, he having yielded it to Mr. Wright. Some confusion ensued, many among the audience calling for Mr. Brown, and others for Mr. Foster. Mr. F. said he had but a few words to say, but those he should say, unless the Convention decided him to be out of order. Order was soon restored, and Mr. Foster proceeded to address the assembly. He said his own views and those of Mr. Pilsbury had been misunderstood and unintentionally misrepresented—as he could show, if he had an opportunity to reply. If the Convention acted on the subject now, they would act utterly in the dark in regard to the facts of the case.

WM. WELLS BROWN said that while he was in favor of woman's rights, he was opposed to bringing the question upon that platform, because he saw a disposition in New York, to some extent repeated here by Mr. Pillsbury, to claim the right of woman to vote, and in so doing to disparage the negro. He thought the woman question has nothing to do with the question here. The negro was now before the nation, and his position was not yet settled. One of the leading women at the equal rights meeting in New York said, that the country would be safer in the hands of the educated and enlightened women of the country than in those of the ignorant and degraded colored man—as if all the women in the land were educated and enlightened, and all the colored men ignorant and degraded. Taking the masses of those who had been emancipated, that was true; but there were at the South nearly half a million of free colored men, thousands of them educated, refined, owning property, occupying the very highest positions they could occupy, inside of their color. They stood infinitely above what are termed the "poor whites of the South." He believed the blacks of the South would judiciously use the suffrage when they had the opportunity to use it. Everything depended upon the action in this golden hour. A dozen Mrs. Mott's or Mrs. Stanton's could not do so much good as the mere presence of Frederick Douglass in Congress. He would be there, not only as a defender of the cause of the colored races, but a living refutation of the charges made against the negro by such men as Saulsbury and McDougall.

MR. PILLSBURY—I want to know whether a single person there claimed that this was the woman's hour? There was a colored man, George Downing, who labored an hour almost, with all his ability and eloquence (and he has a good deal of both), to make Mrs. Stanton say that. She utterly repudiated it, but said, "We will go into the kingdom together."

MR. BROWN replied that he did not mean that Mrs. Stanton or anybody else said this was the golden hour for woman's rights, and proceeded to urge the importance of settling the negro question now. If it was settled now, he said, it would stand for the next quarter or half a century. The old slaveholding dynasty had not changed their opinions. Slaveholders were not to be converted so quickly as that. They had only to look to the people of St. Domingo, and see how, for thirty years, they held on to the idea of reinstating slavery, and to the massacres perpetrated only yesterday in Jamaica, to realize that slaveholders are not converted at once. The hater of the negro, the hatred of free institutions and common schools would only die out with the dying out of that class of persons. They must be guarded against. He held that the liberty of the white man as well as the black man of the South, and the security of the nation against future insurrection or rebellion, depended upon the enfranchisement of the negro, because the negro element was the controlling element in the South. It held the balance of power and could be depended upon, and that was the reason why the loyal men of the South were in favor of enfranchising the negro. He had no confidence in Wade Hampton, and those men who but yesterday owned four hundred or five hundred slaves. He did not believe that the men who thought slavery the corner-stone of republican institutions were converted, and wanted the negro enfranchised because of his inherent right to the ballot. The feeling, he believed, was still in the heart of many slaveholders, that the time may come when their slaves will be restored to them. This feeling could only be kept down by enfranchising the negro, and putting him in a position where he can aid the country. He had recently travelled in Maryland and Virginia, and had had an opportunity to talk with men from the far South, and they all agreed, that if the blacks were not enfranchised, they would not be safe in the South. He felt that this was the moment to press this matter, and the American Anti-Slavery Society would do great good if it would send half a dozen agents to the South, and let them go through the country and talk to the colored men, and set them right upon the great question of their own rights. He felt there was a great work to be done. It seemed as if the Anti-Slavery movement had left the black men of the South in the hands of the politicians. Now was the time to rescue him; and if we did not take pains to do so, the opposition would come in with money and rum, and every means possible, for the purpose of getting his vote. He was Republican enough to desire the success of that party. If that party had a mission at all, it was to save the colored man; and if the colored man was not saved in the South by the Republican party, his opinion was that he would be lost to himself and to the country.

Mr. Brown gave a very amusing account of an interview he had with his old master down in Maryland, who took occasion to remind him that he paid $1,000 for him only about ninety days before he was attracted by the North Star, and gently insinuated that his former chattel ought to make the loss good to him, magnanimously offering to give the principal on payment of the interest for some thirty years! Mr. Brown, singularly enough, declining to accept this liberal offer, his old master finally suggested that he ought at least to pay him for his best coat, which he borrowed in order that he might be respectably dressed for his journey. Mr. B. said he parried this modest claim with the story of Paddy, the priest and the pig, which was worth full as much as the coat.

At one time, continued Mr. B., I felt that the work of this Society was almost at an end, but I see now that there is more work to be done than at any time recently, and I do not feel like slackening our labors at all. On the contrary, I would say, let us redouble our labor; let us keep our attention upon the people of the Southern States; let us not forget that the colored men of the South are now being victimized, politically, by all classes, and the only way to save them is to put our laborers among them to try to give them good ideas, and while there is a position where they will not only understand and appreciate the liberties they now have, but be able, by a judicious exercise of the franchise, to secure to themselves and to the nation future blessings. We stand here and talk about the franchise for the negro, as if the negro's liberty alone were at stake, but it is not so. The cause of liberty has been partially surrendered in the non-slaveholding States, and I hold that the liberty of the whole country is to be settled by the decision of this question of reconstruction, and not only giving to the negro the suffrage, but securing it to him in the Constitution of the United States, so changing that instrument that by no possibility shall the old slaveholders, no matter how they may get into power, no matter what difficulties shall come to the government, have the power to change the status of the negro, of reducing him to servitude, or doing anything with him that they cannot do with the white man. Let us do that—let us labor to do our duty, and I believe that the country will yet be saved.

MR. BUTTS, of Hopedale, offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That in claiming the right of suffrage for the colored people of the South, we *mean* the people—that is, the colored men and women; that the right of woman to the ballot is *not* a side issue; that if a distinction must be made in favor of either, we shall insist upon the main question, namely, the ballot for the FREED WOMAN.

ADDRESS OF REV. EDWARD C. TOWNE.

I am reminded, by one of the resolutions placed in my hand, of "the shameful reticence of the so-called Christian pulpit;" and, as I have held that resolution in my hand, and cast my eyes upon it from time to time, I have felt that I did indeed belong to a class which, on this platform, has been long considered a degraded intellectual class. It seems almost necessary, therefore, for me to say a single word in regard to my own record in this matter, because I am asked especially to speak to you to-night of George L. Stearns, the friend of John Brown.

I was a student in New Haven when John Brown was on his trial for his deed of virtue and valor in Virginia; and when I read the words of Dr. Cheever of New York, and Henry Ward Beecher of Brooklyn, and found that, on the one hand, there was a question of the sanity of John Brown's judgment, and, on the other, a question even of the sanity of his intellect, I could not forbear to send to the New York *Tribune* a few paragraphs which were printed under the title of "A Plea for the Head and Heart of Godly John Brown." (Applause.) In that plea I took the ground, which I have never seen reason to give up, that John Brown, whatever we might have thought our duty, was evidently one of those men who are thrust into human history, now and then, by direct inspiration from Heaven, to remind us that there is a God; and I said that if I had been on that train which was stopped by the confederates of John Brown, and had seen the smallest chance to take a hand in the matter, I should have felt it my duty and my privilege to take one of those John Brown muskets.

I did not know, at that time, that I should come eventually to be the pastor of a church of which George L. Stearns had been one of the prominent members. Not very long after I became pastor of that church, I felt very earnestly moved to speak one Sunday morning in July of that year in which President Lincoln timidly put forward his first proclamation in regard to emancipation—the proclamation which threatened that something should be done—I say, I was moved to preach a discourse upon "The prospects and policy of Negro Civilization," in which, casting my eyes along that portion of our coast at which the armies of the United States had met the flying fugitives of the South, and, further on, to those points which were yet locked under the power of the Confederacy, I could not help descrying a civilization to spring up there which should settle, as none of us before the war had anticipated it could be settled, the great question of American slavery. It seemed to me, as I urged in that discourse, that it must be, in the Providence of God Almighty, that the wharves of the capital of South Carolina, the cradle of secession, should rot behind that beleagured shore, and that at that new point in that coast where our armies had reached the negro, there should spring up a new capital for that godless State, to which, in no distant year, might go Massachusetts, as Massachusetts once went to Charleston, to be received no longer by a white—I was going to say, aristocrat, but I want that word in a moment—to be received no longer by a white man who had forgotten that he was a man, but by a black aristocrat in the Mayor's chair, of the capitol of South Carolina. It chanced to be a communion Sunday, on which I preached this discourse, and I felt in my soul the singular appropriateness of calling the attention of my congregation to the prospects and policy of negro civilization across the communion table; it did not occur to me that I had not suitably presented a proper subject, except that I felt, as men who speak in public are so often obliged to feel, that I had not done justice to a topic which might make an angel eloquent. Not very long after, one of my best parishioners, a friend of Theodore Parker, a friend of this platform, a friend of these Abolitionists, very gently and tenderly suggested to me whether on communion Sundays it would not be as well to have topics *suited to the occasion!*

But I have mentioned these things out of my personal experience chiefly to come upon this idea—that the utterance which is historical in these gatherings of your Anti-Slavery Societies, of *our* Anti-Slavery Societies, represents inspiration in America. Those who are frequenters of this platform, who have for long years fought this battle, who engaged in it before I thought of occupying any platform, seem to have been surprised by the suddenness of the turn in human affairs in our land, and are hardly prepared to say what they will now do. It seems to me that the answer may be clear to them. I take it that this platform has been built upon certain immutable principles of eternal right, and that whatever may be the issues of the hour, these principles remain. One day last week, I had a man to plough in my garden on the top of the hill behind my house. As he passed with his plough back and forth over the hill, he remarked that at one point the plough bit in a little deeper than the usual depth of the furrow and tripped along on the surface of the granite, turning over clean all of the soil. Now, it seems to me, friends, that in your year by year ploughing of this Anti-Slavery field, you have always turned the soil over down to the eternal granite of right, and I am one of those who thank God that I may here walk back and forth in the granite furrows of Puritan virtue. Boston audiences are said to be cold—hard to move. Undoubtedly, the people gathered about this new centre of civilization, this brightest centre of American civilization, are somewhat cold, somewhat hard in the texture of intellect and sensibility; but it is, it seems to me, that hardness which the Creator put into the rock; and we all of us have seen how even these granite furrows are turned with ploughshares of fire. You are familiar with those men who from year to year have dared to yoke the powers of heaven, and to go back and forth preparing the field into which fate will fling the seeds of destiny, preparing for the harvest of principles and of men in future generations.

George L. Stearns was one of the finest products of Puritan virtue. The mother of Mr. Stearns was a woman of singular strength and intrepidity of will; a woman who was manly with a Roman manliness, in the purpose which seemed to her right. He inherited that quality, and along with it, he inherited a tenderness and sweetness which was feminine and gentle as such qualities are found in very few even representative men. Those two qualities, indomitable firmness of conscience and exceeding tenderness of sympathy, made George L. Stearns such a friend of the black man as very few have been even of those who have rallied round the standard held up on this platform. When the news came of the sacking of Lawrence and of the striking down in the Senate of Mr. Sumner, a friend of Mr. Stearns, coming to his house with that intelligence, found him seated in the conservatory of his beautiful residence in Medford, and, relating to him these two astounding facts, said there was nothing more to be done—it was past all hope. Springing from his chair in an instant, Mr. Stearns said—"Nothing to be done! There is everything to be done. And from this moment, what one man can do, that I will do, to undo this iniquity." (Applause.) He had been a consecrated man before, but he was born again to this work in that moment; and from that moment he went on unflaggingly to the end.

You know what his career was, and I ought not to detain you to describe at length the course which his shining character held through the years of the initiatory struggle, and of the war against rebellion. It is sufficient to remind you of one or two things in the course which was pursued by Mr. Stearns. Look at him as he stood in the Senate chamber of the United States, in the presence of the government of the United States, represented by the Senator from Virginia, Mr. Mason. Look at him, a man delicate in physical constitution, a man utterly unused to addressing public audiences, utterly unused to responding off-hand to questions such as were put to him there; a man kept standing, in spite of his weariness and physical delicacy long hours by those brutal inquisitors. Read over the pages of that Harper's Ferry Report; they are a part of the American scripture which you will do well to read by your firesides when you pray to God, which you will do well to study year by year, that you may know what sort of men God has been pleased to commission to the American people. Turn over those golden pages and see how George L. Stearns was told what he should say, and how he answered to those inquiries. I think if you should ask Mr. Emerson (or, if there be any other finer judge of the qualities of literary composition, ask him), he would tell you that the utterances of that man, under those circumstances, would compare well, for all the grandest qualities of style, even, with the best things to be found in the English language. And when it comes to the position which Mr. Stearns took on that occasion, it was a position which, read in the light of history, marks him as one of the few prophetic souls whom America has given to human history. When he was asked if he approved of the scheme of John Brown, he said, "I should have disapproved of it, if I had known of it." He was not inclined to brag at all that he was as good as John Brown. But he went on: "But I have since changed my opinion. I believe John Brown to be the representative man of this century, as Washington was of the last; the Harper's Ferry affair, and the capacity shown by the Italians for self-government the great events of the age; one will free Europe, and the other America." I challenge you, friends, to turn to another passage of human history which contains a more signal prophecy than that which leaped, unpremeditated, struck out by the Holy Ghost, from the lips of George L. Stearns. What a scene it would be for a historical picture! Massachusetts confronting Virginia; Virginia supported by the United States government, and Massachusetts, in the humble person of George L. Stearns, supported only by the justice of God!

You know how it was with our friend when the effort was made to raise negro soldiers. It was his hopefulness, his perseverance, his courage, his unsparing sacrifices in that work which made it a success. I wish not to disparage the labor of any other man who was engaged in that work, but it was to the faith of George L. Stearns that it was chiefly due that that work was taken hold of promptly, was pressed forward energetically, and was carried through to a successful issue. If I were permitted to read to you the terms in which the Secretary of War of the government of the United States received the resignation of Maj. Stearns, when he said to the Secretary that he had not been suitably supported, and for that reason he felt he could not go forward in his work—I say, if I were permitted to read to you the brutal insolence of the Secretary of War, in saying, flatly, that Mr. Stearns had resigned on account of the poor pay, when he had given his services, his strength and his wealth, had given even the joys of his beautiful home, you would blush that you live under a government which is not only disgraced by Andrew Johnson, but by Secretary Stanton.

But I ought not to occupy more of the time which belongs properly to those who have long fought this battle of liberty. The name which you all honor in your hearts is enshrined there by virtue of its own inexpressible merit, and cannot be rendered more dear by anything which my poor lips can say. But I ask you one and all to consider that George L. Stearns, at the moment of his departure from us, had no thought at all that the great work, the great American struggle of humanity against despotism, of liberty against slavery, had come to an end. His eager eye caught the next stage of this sublime progress. "Now," he said, "now we will take hold of the Church." I trust this platform is to be perpetuated. I trust there is to be a general understanding among the friends of this platform, that here is one of the fountains at which the purest waters of American liberty can be drank. In the remote West, it was long the custom of early settlers to get their water by digging shallow wells, which gathered merely the surface water; and the result was, the population were half the time shaking with ague and fever, because they insisted on drinking the poor surface water. After a time, experience, that hard schoolmaster, taught them the necessity of going deeper for their water. Some New England man said to them, "Why do you drink this poor surface water? Dig down! There is always good water down where the springs are in the heart of the earth. Dig down!" And they dug down. They dug out the bottom of their shallow wells, and dug down until they found good water. The American people, as was probably natural, considering that we have received chiefly an inheritance of barbarism, were contented, through the early period of their history, and vast numbers of them are still contented, to drink the poor surface water of common, superficial opinion. They know nothing of eternal principle. If there have been in this land any fountains for those smitten with moral and spiritual ague and fever, which pour forth the pure waters of principle, these fountains have been wherever the Anti-Slavery laborers have planted their platform.

I say, then, friends, if you find you have done the work which you had specially in mind, dig down a little deeper. You may throw out one or another of the parts of this great topic, liberty against slavery, but go on; never give up! God knows it is a poor land, a poor land still for principle. The old Hebrew story was, that the Lord gave to the Hebrew people a large rock which rolled after them from year to year, through all their wanderings, water pouring forth from it for the supply of their daily necessities. Such a rock have you, and the people need this water of life. (Applause.)

MR. FOSTER again spoke upon the question of woman's right to the suffrage, contending that it was one relevant to that platform. He did not see what right Mr. Phillips had to throw his resolution on that subject under the table at New York, any more than he (Mr. F.) would have had to throw the resolution against the landed aristocracy of Great Britain, introduced by Mr. Phillips, under the table. Was Mr. Phillips the only one who could drag in extraneous matters?

Mr. F. claimed that the Anti-Slavery movement had nothing to do with color—that they stood for absolute justice and equality. They had never had anything to do with sex, but had always maintained that whoever wanted to speak for the slave should have the opportunity. Why, he inquired, was it not just as much his right to claim the ballot for woman as the means of establishing the freedom of the negro, as it was the right of his friend Phillips to claim suffrage for the black man, for the same purpose? He (Mr. F.) held that he had a right to drag anything under heaven on this platform, if it was the best means, in his judgment, to accomplish the end they had in view. Neither Mr. Pillsbury nor himself had brought the question of woman's suffrage there; Mr. Phillips had brought it there himself, and practically advised the nation to settle the question on the principles of injustice. They were obliged either to take no part whatever in settling the question of reconstruction, or else settle it upon principles of justice or injustice. Mr. Phillips proposed to give the ballot to men and withhold it from women. He (Mr. F.) was sorry to have his friend present himself in that attitude before the country and the world.

Mr. F. said he regarded it as the greatest sacrifice of the principles of justice, liberty and equality to demand for the negro man what was not demanded for the negro woman. It was directly consenting to have that done to the negro woman that they could not consent to have done to the negro man. He believed the best way to secure half justice was to demand the whole. He believed the best way to reform this guilty nation was to insist on its doing its whole duty, on the questions on which he undertook to address them at all. The resolution he had introduced simply declared in favor of settling the question of reconstruction upon the principles of perfect equality and justice. It did not drag in the question of woman's rights, but simply asserted that they would submit to the sacrifice of no woman's rights in this country. If they adopted it, it would be well. You all admit, said Mr. F., that you agree with us in principle; why, in the name of common sense, can you not work with us? Why do you want to drive us into the hall over your heads, and stay down here under our feet? Why not come up there with us?

MRS. FOSTER—We do.

MR. FOSTER—Very well. If you all want to walk up stairs, let us go, and we will give up the old American Anti-Slavery Society, its work having been taken out of our hands by a greater and better one.

MR. PHILLIPS—Before I make some remarks in regard to the last speech of Mr. Foster, let me say with what exceeding and admiring gratitude I listened to the eloquent and discriminating tribute of our friend Mr. Towne to George Stearns, of Medford,—one of the truest men, one of the most devoted fellow-workmen, one of the most tireless, zealous, unsparing—lavish of labor, lavish of means; always hopeful; indefatigable; with the keenest insight; whose view hardly ever was mistaken; who never gave up; who, in the darkest and hottest hour of the war, when the War Department faltered, when yonder State House was discouraged, and almost surrendered the enlistment of negroes; alone, with his single heart and his single hand, carried on the work. I believe it is no injustice to any man to say, that we owe to the single heart and the single hand of George L. Stearns the prompt success, in 1863-'4, of the enlistment of negroes as part of the army of the United State. (Applause.) But for him, Massachusetts might very probably have lacked the crown of her glory, in the 54th and 55th regiments; and a large share of all the fame which the country owns in Fort Wagner is due to him. When we lost him, this movement lost one of the surest and hardest workers in our ranks—a loss never to be repaired.

One word with regard to the discussion which has occupied us this afternoon. Mr. Foster says that he cannot conceive it possible that any man with whom he has been accustomed to work should consent to a reconstruction that was not based on absolute justice. Neither can I. I know of no man connected with the Anti-Slavery cause who has ever avowed, or who, I believe, entertains the idea of submitting to reconstruction, except on the ground of absolute justice; and the complaint that I make of the temper of the discussion on that side is, the reiterated charges (in spite of reiterated explanations) brought by himself and Mr. Pillsbury against the gentlemen who differ from them in this regard. All we have said is, what we shall submit to *here, as Abolitionists.* What we shall submit to as American citizens and as men, is a very different thing. As an Abolitionist, I shall submit to any reconstruction that secures justice to the negro race, in that sense in which we have always used the word, that is *equality* in every respect with the races that surround him.

The injustice of this reiterated charge, Mr. Phillips proceeded to say, was intensified by the fact that nobody knew better than Mr. Foster and Mr. Pillsbury that the friends who dissented *from bringing the question here* had been, up to this hour, just as strenuous supporters of the claims of woman at proper time and place as they had been. The insinuation that anybody on that platform designed to do injustice to woman was as insinuation that ought never to be made.

Mr. Phillips disclaimed the honor of having brought the question of negro male suffrage on to that platform. The moment, he said, the nation took the chains off the slave, by its constitutional amendment, the question came to all Abolitionists, as a part of their duty,

How is that *legal right* to be made a *substantial privilege?* They looked into their Constitution, and saw that it said the effort of the Society was to be to secure equal civil and political rights for the negro with the white race. The white man had education, land and the ballot, and to make the negro 's liberty effectual, on this continent, they must give him schools, the ballot, and land. If the white woman of North Carolina had a vote, then, as an Abolitionist, he should say, "My work is not done until I have given the black woman a vote—otherwise, the races are not equal."

In this connection, Mr. Phillips referred to the gratuitous service of THE STANDARD in behalf of the woman's rights cause, stating that some of the managers of the Equal Rights movement, while paying large sums to other papers, utterly refused to raise a dollar for THE STANDARD, or obtain a subscriber for it, unless it would adopt their principle. Nevertheless, its columns had always been open to them gratuitously, and he himself had, this very Winter and month, in the Committees of which he was a member, voted liberal contributions toward the expenses of the Equal Rights movement.

It is idle, continued Mr. Phillips, to say that we pledged ourselves, in 1833, when the woman question was not thought of, to give to woman a vote. It was consummate wisdom, when the Anti-Slavery platform was made, to confine it to one issue; it is the only way any cause can get on. I go down to Faneuil Hall, and I meet a letter from Andrew Johnson endorsing the eight-hour movement. Why should I not meet him there? I cannot meet him here. If we made our movement cover the woman question, we should only get so much Anti-Slavery mind as had grown up to the woman question; and the Anti-Slavery question is forty years old—the woman question about sixteen. Of course, therefore, the country is far readier for one than the other. Besides, the woman question is strong enough to stand alone; it had better stand alone. I think every tub should stand on its own bottom. The negro, in the providence of God, stands with this vast civil war behind him; he stands with the monster agitation of a whole generation behind him; his cause is almost ripe; it stands at the door; it knocks; it is at its very dawn. The woman question does not stand there; no fault of ours; and to put them together is to have a wagon with uneven wheels. The time to have united them was in 1833, when the same labor might have carried them both forward equally. To-day, it would be matching causes of unequal ripeness—manifestly injudicious.

There is great reason for rejoicing. The negro question is very near its consummation. A little more watching; a little more labor, a little more vigilance, and with the favor of Providence, we may see it planted where we may leave it to the action of general politics, and the question of races may be dismissed from American issues. Not because the prejudice of color has died out, as Mr. Foster says. Not because the picture painted by Mr. Wilson (I say it with all possible respect for his fidelity)—not because that picture is trustworthy, for it is not; it is not natural that it should be. Men of Massachusetts, do you believe that the war has converted the Democrats of Massachusetts, your own neighbors, to such an extent that you can trust the negro question in their hands? ("No.") Do you believe the Democrats of Connecticut stand converted, so that they are willing to give the negro a vote, education, and let him come and stand by their side? You know it is not so. You know if the Democrats were not held in check by the Republican party, the negroes would be almost hopeless. Do you suppose then that Wade Hampton, Beauregard and Forrest, and that set of men, are any better than Massachusetts Democrats and Connecticut Democrats? They are the same set of men exactly. They were digged out of the same pit. The war has made no greater change in them than in their fellows at the North, but the dread of consequences, the sword over their heads, puts them on their good behavior. If they were as free to talk as Connecticut they would talk like Connecticut. We have the means of testing this timber, for we have got a piece of it. (Applause.) For Mr. Senator Wilson to spend six weeks in the South and come back and tell me that half a dozen victories, that fifty Gettysburgs have converted the embittered, chagrined, defeated Southern white men, who hated this government in every drop of their blood—it is not natural. Undoubtedly, he spoke the truth of the Unionists of the South. The Thomas J. Durants, the Robert Smalls—the whites and blacks who stood by the flag—the hunted men in East Tennessee—the Stokes's, and that class of men, are more radical than we are, for they have felt the heel of the Slave Power grinding them; they have been under the harrow; they outdo Massachusetts. If you had listened to Thomas J. Durant in New York, you would have said, "Here is a piece of granite, that might have been digged out of Plymouth Rock." But these men are not the eight millions. They are the men who tell us, "If you don't put that class of unconverted whites, by millions, under our feet, and take every acre of land from them, you have not got a foothold in the Southern States. These are the men who give us *Confiscation* for a motto, and *Disfranchisement* for a motto. These are the men who to-day criticise Sheridan, our idol, as lacking in purpose in the city of New Orleans. They are with us. But the picture the Senator painted for us is one that no page in all history confirms, and it would be idle to count upon it. If that South comes back, as he told us it would, prior to the election of 1868, it comes back as an enemy. It may be in disguise, but that is all the more dangerous. They may accept, as he said they would, a Republican President, like Gen. Grant, but I do not consider the election of a firm, Grant a success, I should consider the election of Gen. Grant President of the United States, whether with or without the aid of the Southern States as a national Bull Run. When he tells me that the South is Republican, and will accept a Gen. Hooker, a Gen. Grant, or a Gen. McDowell, I have no doubt of it; that sort of Republicans they will swallow. But if he will tell me they will accept a Gen. Thomas, a Ben. Wade, a Salmon P. Chase, or a Ben. Butler, I will acknowledge their conversion. (Loud applause.) A victory gained under the banners of the Republican party, by taking a candidate whom no Northern man trusts, is a defeat. Ask one of the Wilson Republicans, "Why do you take Grant, when you don't know his opinions?" he will wriggle and be silent a while, will make two or three evasive answers, and then he will say, "If we don't take him, the Democrats will." A man so equivocal that, if the Republicans do not take him, Rebeldom will! For I consider that there are but two parties: one is Republican, which is loyal, and the other rebel. At the South, everything is rebel that dares to be. Mr. Wilson said I could go to the South, if I would keep myself within reach of the national cannon. Of course; any one could. The South will be reconstructed when a man can make a speech out of the sound of the national cannon; when the *memory* of the national cannon will keep the peace. It was an honorable thing, and one for which I desire to pay him all honor, that he went through the South, but when I remember that he was covered by the mantle of the Senatorship, and United States bayonets stood behind him, although I am willing to give him all honor for his speech, I shall not give the audience much credit for their silence.

No, let us act like common-sense men. The mass of Southerners hate the Union. They did when they began the war; they hate it to-day because they have been whipped. The only way to save the nation is to guard it from these men; and in order to do that, to put the South into the hands of the hunted, loyal white men, and send back Durant to New Orleans, and make the streets of that city safe for him to tread. I consider it one of the greatest disgraces possible to the record of Gen. Grant that Thomas J. Durant cannot live in the city of New Orleans. That city either belongs to us or to the Confederacy. If it belongs to us, then Gen. Grant is paid $12,000 a year to make its streets safe as the streets of Boston. That is his duty. That is what we pay him for. That is what he is bound to accomplish, if he is a soldier. Where that flag floats, whether here or in New Orleans, Gen. Grant exists to make it protect me. When Thomas J. Durant, a lawyer, who never committed an offence against the government, for thirty years at the head of the New Orleans bar, a resident of the city through Butler's and Bank's administration, brings himself and family to the city of Washington, in 1866, because he dares not trust his wife to the flag of the United States, he says to Gen. Grant, "Either you don't want to make that city safe, or you can't." Choose friends, which alternative to adopt. Do you suppose if Butler had been in Grant's place, and Mayor Munroe had dared to make those streets unsafe, that he would have let Durant leave and Monroe stay? ("No.") That is what I call a soldier. We have had Mayors of this city, who, when there was a mob in yonder hall, made the peaceable men leave it, and allowed the mob to retain possession. That is what Grant is doing in New Orleans. I do not call that soldiership. That man was not made for a President. He may be an honest man, for aught I know; he may be a great General for aught I know; I would not pluck one leaf from his laurels; let him have all he has won in Virginia; but the man who stayed away from New Orleans when he thought his absence might allow Mayor Munroe his own will, and who went down to Baltimore when he thought his presence might allow Gov. Swann his will, is not the man for my ballot for President of the United States. (Loud applause.) When, therefore, Mr. Senator Wilson says that the South will accept Gen. Grant as President, I say, very likely. I do not know who is to be put on the ticket with him—perhaps Mr. Senator Wilson himself. But what I have to say is, that if any of you count your kindred blood among that which was shed in this war, if you have any sympathy with those households in which stand empty chairs at desolate firesides, then be sure that what God asks of you to-day is to see that no heedless hero worship, no indifference to a man's record, no party spirit carried to excess, leads you to sacrifice the fruits of the war in the last great struggle, more important than Richmond—the Presidential election of 1868. As Abolitionists, we are bound to keep the country vigilant, fully informed, tearing off the veil from every man's record, no matter how great, how honored, how loved he may have been in times past. I want a man who tells me his opinion, who has given me his life as his guarantee. If I could put him into the Presidential chair for six months, I would put Thaddeus Stevens there. (Applause.) Seventy years old, feeble and bowed with the weight of years, I would give more for the last of the sands in his hour-glass, than for the noon-day sun of Gen. Grant. (Renewed applause.) So of Ben. Wade; so even of Chief-Justice Chase; so of any man whose heart and purpose I believe are decisively in favor of a victory which shall make the North give the tone to Southern civilization. That is our duty as an organization.

You may ask me why we remain together. It is because you cannot get such words said in the columns of any newspaper. You cannot get the great journals of New York or the West to utter a fearless criticism of the coming Presidential candidates, unless they utter it behind the report of some speech of ours. I have been as far West as the railroads can carry you, and I have not found a great political journal that will allow a fearless criticism of any of the coming Presidential candidates. The only way we ever find admittance is by making a speech or a lecture and getting them to find it is worth their while to report it. The Anti-Slavery agitation, therefore, exists for the single purpose, as I think, of guiding the nation, so far as a few men can, in the selection of their Presidential candidates—of coercing, compelling the Republican party to take true men. I travelled nine weeks in the West, lecturing every night, hardly ever omitting to bring the claims of Gen. Grant before my audiences, of from five hundred to four thousand. I never found a single audience that did not, at the commencement of my remarks listen with that ominous silence which betokens a storm. I could feel that the elements were beginning to mass themselves up against me. Only in one single instance, in Michigan, did it break out into absolute hisses, which lasted for some five minutes. In every other case, they listened to me patiently, perhaps for a quarter of an hour. Then, as I began to open my case and examine his record, and lay the question before them, I could feel the muscles of their antagonism relax; I could feel they had settled themselves down into their chairs, contented to listen. Then, perhaps, after awhile, a murmur, that told me they were beginning to recognize and admit the truth, would swell over the assembly; and in most cases—nine out of ten—they would give me a round of applause when I denounced Gen. Grant as unfit to lead the American people in this last effort.

I believe, that although politicians tell you it is a foregone conclusion at Washington, if we could have the assistance of a dozen men and half a dozen presses, it would be possible even to-day to break the wand of this great military idol. It would be possible so to arouse and inform the American people that we could compel the Republican party to give him up at any risk. We are not alone in this effort. On one side is Gen. Butler, with his ambition; on the other is Chase, with his aspirations. Behind us are all the friends of Colfax. There are a score of candidates, who all say "God speed!" Christ is preached, whether with good intentions or not, I do not know; and this little voice of ours, swollen into a great mass by the coinciding ambition of other candidates, would become a national protest in a very little while. I exhort you, therefore, to direct your efforts unsparingly toward this point. Do not despair. Do not be discouraged because men tell you there is nothing but Grant. Senator Wilson began his discourse by saying that *he* was never discouraged, with a slight emphasis on the word *he*, as if *he* were. I do not come here because I am discouraged; I do not make speeches because I am discouraged; I do not travel twelve thousand miles because I am discouraged. I work because I am full of courage and hope, that if I do my duty, and other men do theirs, the same good God who has led us through thirty years will lead us to-day. That is not discouragement! The man who folds his hands and sits down in his parlor and looks out on his unploughed fields, has no right to say to the industrious man who gets up at sunrise and puts his plough deep into the soil, "My dear fellow, why are you discouraged? There will be a harvest." Of course there will; but it will not be reaped by the man in his arm-chair, with folded hands. There is no discouragement in ploughing. There is no discouragement in sowing the seed. There is no discouragement in labor. Courage and hope are the right hand and the left of the laborer in God's vineyard. So it is in this. It is the silliest charge that is ever made (and it is just thirty-seven years old), that because the Abolitionists assemble and work, and point out the shortcomings of their neighbors, and suggested that this man or that was untrustworthy, they were discouraged. When I went New York, in 1864, and made a speech against Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson, men said, "Why are you discouraged?" I was not discouraged—I hoped. They went to work and gave us Andrew Johnson in the name of *hope!* (Laughter.) I went to work and tried to defeat him in the name of common sense. Mr. Wilson said to-day, that looking back on his record, he thought all his prophecies had been fulfilled. I had a notion of saying to him—"Andrew Johnson—Baltimore Convention—the Republican party of 1864—the men who told us, protestants, in that day, "Oh, you are dreamers, discouraged, morbid, the victims of blue devils; why don't you come in and hurrah with us for Abraham the first and Andrew of Tennessee?" Looking back on that record, I am inclined to think that if I had my choice to-day where I would stand in '64, I would rather stand with the Cleveland Convention than with Senator Wilson upon the Baltimore Convention. (Applause.) For my candidate was never tried, and he might have done well; their candidate has been tried, and has done marvelously ill. That is not discouragement. As Henry Clay said, "When the flint misses fire the first time, pick it and try again." I am not discouraged. That Republican party will do well, if we labor enough with it. Water it and it will grow. (Laughter and applause.)

JOSHUA T. EVERETT said he should regret the passage of such a resolution as that offered by Mr. Foster as injurious and only injurious to the best interests of the millions of freedmen, in this most critical hour of their exit from slavery to liberty. He hoped the New England Convention would put its hand, once and forever, upon that resolution. They had no right to connect with the Anti-Slavery enterprise other enterprises, however righteous they might be. He moved that the question be taken on that resolution separately.

The question was put on Mr. Foster's resolution, and it was lost, by a large majority. The resolutions presented by the Business Committee were then adopted, and the Convention adjourned.

Special Notices.

EQUAL RIGHTS REPORT.—The Proceedings of the First Anniversary of the American Equal Rights Association (a neat pamphlet of eighty pages) may now be had of SUSAN B. ANTHONY, 37 Park Row (Room 17), New York. Price 50 cents.

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MEADVILLE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.—The Fall Term begins September 2d. The Faculty of Instruction consists

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A DREAM OF SUMMER.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

BLAND as the morning breath of June
The southwest breezes play;
And, through its haze, the winter noon
Seems warm as summer's day.
The snow-plumed Angel of the North
Has dropped his icy spear:
Again the mossy earth looks forth,
Again the streams gush clear.

The fox his hill-side cell forsakes,
The muskrat leaves his nook,
The bluebird in the meadow brakes
Is singing with the brook.
"Bear up, O Mother Nature!" cry,
Bird, breeze, and streamlet free,
"Our winter voices prophesy
Of summer days to thee!"

So, in those winters of the soul,
By bitter blasts and drear,
O'erswept from memory's frozen pole,
Will sunny days appear.
Reviving Hope and Faith, they show
The soul its living powers,
And how beneath the winter's snow
Lie germs of summer flowers!

The Night is Mother of the Day,
The Winter of the Spring,
And ever upon old Decay
The greenest mosses cling.
Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
Through showers the sunbeams fall;
For God, who loveth all His works,
Has left His hope with all.

THE HOME OF CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

KEIGHLY (pronounced "Keatley") has been chiefly made known to us from its proximity to Haworth, Charlotte Bronte's home. When did we ever hear or think of it before? Yet it is one of those important and swarming manufacturing places that made the power and wealth of England; and, as I arrived on pay-day afternoon, the streets were thronged with thousands of factory people, bearing the hard and independent stamp of West Riding weavers, described so vigorously in Shirley. In the dull and up-hill ride of four miles to Haworth, shut in most of the way by high stone walls instead of the usual green hedges, I could not but think of those two feeble sisters, struggling along afoot over this dreary road, in the thunder storm, on their way to Keighly to take the London train for the purpose of proving to their publisher their actual and separate identity. We passed several great stone mills that might have been very well used for fortresses.

Haworth was pointed out with its gray tower, near the summit of a very high hill, and at its back swept away north the rolling, dismal moorlands, without the sign of a human habitation. A month later and these moors would be gorgeous with heather blossoms. After passing a few straggling houses we began to ascend that long, steep, paved street of Haworth, now become so well known. What a straining, scrambling pull of it! At the top was the Black Bull Inn. Its little parlor was well enough, but its sleeping apartments were frowsy and dirty, for probably few people "overnight" there, as the Germans say.

Just at the left of the inn, within a step or so, through a tall iron gate, was the populous cemetery of the church. The church itself is a plain stone building, less interesting, architecturally, than English village churches usually are. The tower is evidently of very ancient date, with a modern body pinned upon it. All was hard, weather-worn stone, with nothing green or smiling; there was not a tuft of grass about the churchyard.

I could not help glancing at the "Parsonage," looking over the edge of the tabled graveyard; but I hastened into the church, and was seated in the Squire's pew near the pulpit, hung with faded green baize.

Mr. Nicholls preached from John v. 1. He is a dark-complexioned man, rather thin, with black hair and beard. It was a short, practical sermon, and the tones of his voice, especially in the service, were grave and pleasant, and, as I conceived, with a touch of sadness. The plaintive "litany" seemed never more appropriate. It was a gusty day of rain and shine, but its general complexion was melancholy.

The old pews within were so dull and brown, the old tombs outside were so still and sad, and the roar and dashing of the storm at times were so dismal, that the sins, conflicts, and sorrows of life would have been the sermon preached to one's heart, had the preacher charmed never so sweetly.

I saw the pew, and the corner of it, where Charlotte used to sit; and the new white marble tablet on the wall, erected to her memory, and that of her mother, four sisters, and brother. Its Scriptural motto was from 1 Cor. xv. 56, 57. The victory was soon gained after all, for the authoress of "Jane Eyre" and "Shirley" was only thirty-nine when she died. I was also shown the register of her marriage, and her autograph in the church records. And here she was married, and her stern old father was not even present to give her away.

Without intending or seeking it, I was invited, as a stranger, to call upon Mr. Bronte, for a few moments during the intermission. I went through a high-walled yard at the back of the house, around to the front, through a small flower-garden (rather run to waste now), and was shown by "Martha" into Mr. Bronte's study.

Mr. Bronte met me with real kindness of manner, but with something of the stateliness of the old school. His hair, worn short, was white as driven snow; his ample cambric cravat completely covered his chin; and his black dress was of the most scrupulous neatness. He has been called handsome, but that he never could have been. He has strong, rugged, even harsh features, with a high wrinkled forehead, and swarthy complexion; and his eyes are partially closed, for he is almost blind. He said he was induced to invite me to his house, though he saw very little company, because he learned I was an American, and he thought much of America,

Our conversation was chiefly upon religious topics, and he wished to be informed about the great spiritual movements which from time to time pass over America. He thought that revivals in England and Ireland were accompanied by too much animal excitement; yet he believed in their reality. He spoke of Roman Catholicism, and said that he had seen enough of it, as he was an Irishman. He spoke of education in England—that it was all the fashion just now; but I could not help thinking that the conservative, granite-minded old "Helstone" looked upon a great deal of it as sentimental and superficial. He struck me as being naturally a very social man, with a mind fond of discussion, and feeding eagerly on new ideas in spite of his reserve. My call was necessarily quite a short one. I then went into the opposite parlor, where his daughters used to sit and write. There was Charlotte's portrait, with those large dark eyes, square impending brow, and sad, unsmiling mouth. Branwell Bronte's medallion likeness hung opposite; and Thackeray's portrait, "looking past her," as she said, was on the front wall. Her books still lay on the table. There was a Bible of Emily's, and a much-worn copy of Mrs. Gaskell's "Mary Barton," presented by the authoress to Mrs. Nicholls. This room had rather a pleasant look; but its furnishing was simple to severity, and its only ornament was a little bunch of broom-grass on the table. Martha then showed me into the kitchen for a moment. This had been Tabby's kingdom. Everything was exquisitely neat, and the copper pans shone like gold. It was a snug, warm, crooning place; and it was not difficult to see the picture, on a dark winter eve, when the storms howled over the moor and rattled against the windows, of those bright-fancied children crouching together around the fire, telling their strange stories, and living in a world created by themselves. Here Emily Bronte studied German, with her book propped up before her, while she kneaded dough. Now all are gone; and the old father, shutting up many things in his own impenetrable mind, was still living on alone, thinking more perhaps of meeting his children in a sinless and sorrowless world, than of all their fame in this.

In the afternoon I heard Mr. Bronte preach from Job iii. 17: "There the wicked cease from troubling; and there the weary be at rest." It was the simple extemporaneous talk of an aged pastor to his people, spoken without effort, in short, easy sentences—and was drawn, it appeared to me, *right out of that old graveyard*, among whose stones his feet had walked, and his imagination had lived so long. In parts it was pathetic, especially when he alluded to the loss of children. He branched off upon the sorrows, convulsions, and troubles in the world, and he seemed to long for wings like a dove to fly away from this changeful scene, and be at rest. The old church clock, as if echoing the venerable preacher's remarks, had written upon it, "Time how short—eternity how long!

On the whole, my Haworth visit was a serious and sobering one. I thought of what Charlotte Bronte said, that "it always made her unhappy to go away from Haworth, for it took her so long to become happy after she got home." Yet that stone house a century old, those bleak moors, that very melancholy crowded graveyard, may have done something to make Charlotte Bronte what she was. They fenced her in, and made her inventive. Her fiery Irish imagination was concentrated here into a vital energetic current, that did not waste itself in endless poetic mazy streams, but cut for itself a deep, practical, and creative channel. As a pearl-oyster will, after a time, coat a gravel-stone introduced into it with its own rich and pure enamel, so the few rough and homely objects that her mind was familiar with, became clad with the lustrous and glorious beauty of her own thought and imagination. The less she saw, the more accurately she drew, and the more profoundly she analyzed. Her bodily eye grew microscopic, but her spiritual vision was enlarged, and saw into the elements of things, and the hidden springs of action. Hence a shy, secluded little woman describes nature as if she had always been accustomed to live in the midst of the most lovely and opulent scenery, and moves our mind with something of the mighty power of Shakspeare, when she lays bare the abysses and spiritual forces of moral character. Even in her most vivid and realistic writings there is this intense subjectiveness.

The best criticism ever made upon her novels, it seems to me was this—that her characters did not converse like human beings, but that their conversation was in fact their *thoughts*; it was thinking aloud.

I afterward saw Madame Heger's school in Brussels, where Charlotte and her sister resided for a time. Even that seemed to be a dull, shut-in-spot, as it were down in a pit. Intellectually speaking, she was a vine always to be kept pruned close by the husbandman, that she might bring forth more fruit.—*Advance Sheets of Prof. Hopkins's "Old England," to be published by Hurd & Houghton.*

AN EVENING AT A LONDON PAWNBROKER'S.

THE author of "A Night in a Workhouse," which created considerable interest in England at the time of its appearance, has published in the February number of *London Society* an account of a Saturday evening passed by him in the shop of a London pawnbroker. This description is full of mournful interest, as our mind wanders from the actual scene and follows the retiring guests to their homes of misery and vice: "It is a corner house, and the shop, which faces the high street, is an innocent jeweller's shop, and nothing more. There are neatly written cards in the window-variously inscibed, 'jewelry repaired,' 'watch-glasses fitted,' 'ladies' ears pierced,' etc.; so that even though one should happen to be seen entering Mr. Gawler's shop—nay, even though an inquisitive brute should be mean enough to spy from outside, and see one hand his 'Dent' to Mr. Gawler, and receive in exchange for it a neatly-folded bit of pasteboard—the evidence of the pawning would be anything but complete; watch glasses will come to grief, and watch works need repair, and it is the commonest thing in the world for the watchmaker to give the owner a memorandum, as security for his property." But it is not on watch and trinket pawners that Mr. Gawler relies for his business. "Up the street, by the side of the innocent-looking jeweller's shop—a longish way up the street—is a mean-looking doorway, that might be the entrance to a back yard. That it is something more than this, however, may be at once perceived by the stone threshold worn through to the bricks beneath, and the doorpost paint-rubbed and grimy of elbow grease. This is the poor pawners' entrance." On Saturday night, when the laborers receive their pay for the week's work, this shop becomes a scene of unusual activity. Many of the articles pawned during the week are redeemed, to be again pawned when the earnings of the week shall have been expended. In a long line of little boxes the applicants stand concealed from view, save their hands, which are thrust through small apertures to deliver the tickets and receive the goods. "It was an odd sight to see this long row of grimy fists and tattered gown and jacket and coat cuffs all poked towards the shopman and beckoning him couxingly. Beginning at box number one David began the collection of the little squares of pasteboard with both his hands, and 'hand over hand,' as one may say, with a dexterity only to be acquired by constant practice, crying out 'Tickets! tickets! tickets!' all the while. By the time he had perambulated the length of the shop and called at all the boxes, he had gathered as many tickets as his fists could hold, and at once turned to a back counter where stood John (the other shopman). The tickets were then sorted and the heavier articles brought from the cellar, the lighter from the garret, and jewelry from the strong room, and delivered to the applicants as speedily as possible. Redemption was the order of the evening; still there were numerous cases in which it was necessary rather by way of barter than by ready-money payments. As for instance, Mrs. Brown, being a laundress, has found it necesary to pawn the table-linen belonging to one of her customers, and not having money at her command to redeem the same, she feels it convenient to 'put away' the shirts of another custumer, and thus make matters square. On Monday she will redeem the shirts of customer number two by pawning the sheets of customer number three. Or, again, as, for instance, the Browns are asked by the Greens to come and have a bit of dinner to-morrow, and have accepted the invitation; but Brown has made a bad week; has not earned enough, indeed, to 'get out' his Sunday coat and the children's frocks. Brown is a man who doesn't like 'to look little.' He won't want his working clothes till Monday, and as they will be from home they won't miss the hearth-rug. Again, there are exceptions to the rule altogether. Saturday night is a ticklish time for poor mother. No work this week—last week—the week before. Not a single penny. No dinner to-morrow—no dinner on a *Sunday!* Mother does not care. Father does not care—much; but the children! It is all very well to rub along all the week with bread and treacle for the mid-day meal, or, at a pinch, with nothing between breakfast and an 'early tea,' but it is difficult on Sundays. *Everybody* has dinner on Sunday, even in a Whitecross street alley; the atmosphere is hazy with the steam of 'bakings,' and by 2 o'clock you won't find a little pinafore that is not dinner-stained. 'It's of no use,' says poor mother, 'a bit of hot dinner must be got *somehow*.' So she waits till dusk and then, slipshod in old slippers, carries her sound shoes to Mr. Gawler's and places them on the counter. Still, in flocked the customers, until there was no more door-slamming, for the boxes were crammed and brimming over into the passage; and the number of ticket-grasping fists that threatened over the counter was enough to appal any but such tried veterans as Uncle Gawler, and his crew. Then the uproar! Small-voiced women, of the better sort, begging and entreating of David to take their tickets, at the same time pouring into his adder ears the various domestic businesses on which their need for haste was based. Shrill-voiced women, of the worser sort, dirty-faced, baby-bearing, gin-hiccuppy slatterns, brawling, pushing, driving their elbows into other people's eyes, and trampling on their feet."

A CROW'S ADVENTURE.—The Berlin correspondent of the *Morning Star* tells a singular story of a crow. A crow had perched itself between the wings of the colossal figure of Victory, which crowns the column on the Belle-Alliance Platz, at Berlin. "When it tried to fly away again, the hapless bird found its wings had got so jammed in between the wings of the bronze Victory that escape was impossible. There it fluttered and struggled, like Sterne's starling, for some three days and nights, and like Sterne's starling, too, it could not get out. The poor bird was evidently starving, and excited the commiseration of innumerable spectators. What was to be done? The fire brigade brought their ladders, but they were too short. To shoot it was against all police regulations, as no gun may be fired within the City walls. At last an exception was made in such an exceptional case. I do not know what official correspondence may have preceded the act, but the poor bird was officially shot and died, not in the arms, but between the wings of Victory, where I believe it still hangs as a scarecrow to other vain-glorious birds."

COLERIDGE AND HIS SCHOOLMASTER.—Coleridge, I am told, said he dreamt of his master all his life, and that some of his dreams were horrible. A *bon mot* of his is recorded, very characteristic both of pupil and master. Coleridge, when he heard of his death, said, "It was very lucky that the cherubims who took him to heaven were nothing but faces and wings, or he would infallibly have flogged them on the way."—*Leigh Hunt's Autobiography.*

FERNS.

In the cool and quiet nooks,
By the side of running brooks;
In the forest's green retreat,
With the branches overhead,
Nestling at the old trees' feet,
Choose we there our mossy bed.

On tall cliffs that woo the breeze,
Where no human footstep presses,
And no eye our beauty sees,
There we have our maiden tresses.

In the mouths of mountain caves,
Whence the rapid torrent gushes,
Joying in the spray that laves
As it wildly, foaming rushes.

In the clefts of foaming walls,
On old ruins sad and hoary,
Filling up the ancient halls
With a new and verdant glory.

Where the shady banks are steepest
Sheltering from the sunlight's glow,
Loving best the shadiest, deepest,
Where the tallest hedge-rows grow.

In the pleasant woodland glades,
Where the antlered deer are straying,
Lifting there our lofty heads,
There our mimic groves displaying.

Then the treacherous marsh's bosom,
Decking with our regal pride,
There alone allowed to blossom,
(Boon to all our kin denied.)

Though we boast no lovely bloom,
That can rival with the flowers;
Though we fling no sweet perfume;
Though no varied hue is ours.

Yet hath nature framed our race
In a mold so light and fair,
That a beauty and a grace
Shed we round us everywhere.

—*Chambers's Journal.*

RAILWAY STORIES.

A PAPER on "Engine Drivers and their Ways," in *Cassell's Magazine*, contains the following anecdotes:

"I have alluded to a driver's coolness and resolution in an accident, but no chronicle ever has or ever will be written which will tell one tithe of the accidents which the courage and presence of mind of these men has averted. A railway ran over a river—indeed, it might be called an arm of the sea; as it was the inlet to an important harbor, provision was obliged to be made for the shipping, and so the piece of line which crossed the water, at a height of seventy-five feet, was, in fact a bridge, which swung round when large vessels had to pass. I need hardly say that such a point was carefully guarded. At each end, at a fitting distance, a man was placed specially to indicate whether the bridge was open or shut. One day, as the express was tearing along on its up journey, the driver received the usual 'all right' signal; but to his horror, on coming in full sight of the bridge, he found it was wide open, and a gulf of fatal depth yawning before him. He sounded his brake-whistle, that deep-toned scream which signals the guard, and he and his fireman held on, as before described, to the brake and regulator. The speed of the train was, of course, checked; but so short was the interval, so great had been the impetus, that it seemed almost impossible to prevent the whole train from going over into the chasm. Had the rails been in the least degree slippery, any of the brakes out of order, or the driver less determined, there would then have occurred the most fearful railway accident ever known in England; but by dint of quick decision and cool courage the danger was averted; the train was brought to a standstill when the buffers of the engine absolutely and literally overhung the chasm. Three yards more, and a different result might have had to be chronicled.

"Some of my readers may remember an accident in railway history which dates back to our first great Exhibition. I mention it here for its singularity, and for my having known the driver whose coolness was so marked. In ascending a very long gradient, the hindmost carriages of the train snapped their couplings when at the top; the engine rattled on with the remainder, while these ran down the slope, which was several miles in length, with a velocity which of course increased every moment. To make matters worse, the train next on the same line was comparatively close behind, and, in fact, shortly came in sight. The driver of this second train, a watchful and experienced hand, saw the carriages rushing towards him, and divined that they were on the same line. If he continued steaming on, of course, in a couple of minutes he would come into direct collision with them, while, on the other hand, if he ran back, the carriages would probably gather such way, that they would leap from the bank. So, with great presence of mind, and wonderful judgment of speed, he ran back at a pace not quite as fast as the carriages were approaching, so that eventually they overtook him, and struck his moving engine with a blow that was scarcely more perceptible than the jar usually communicated by coupling on a fresh carriage. When this was done, all the rest was easy; he resumed his down journey, and pushed the frightened passengers safely before him until they reached their destination, where the officials, as may readily be supposed, were in a state of frantic despair at the loss of half the train.

"These anecdotes could be multipled to almost any extent, as could the gloomy yet strangely fascinating record of accidents to the men."

A *MEXICAN HEATHEN TEMPLE AT THE EXPOSITION.*

THE "Temple of Xochicalo" holds the first rank among the curiosities of the Park. It is a reproduction on a reduced scale of the famous monument of ancient Mexico, the remnants of which are found some fifty miles southeast of the city of Mexico. It is, as every reader of Prescott's History of the Conquest of Mexico knows, the place where the human hecatombs were offered by the Mexican high priests to the heathenish deities up to the time the Spaniards established their rule. The temple has been re-produced with the greatest fidelity, under the superintendence of M. Leon Mehedin, a member of the Scientific Commission sent to Mexico by the Imperial government during the French occupation. The main body of the original consists of a large hall, enclosed on three sides by solid slanting walls, and open in the front. It stands on a high mound, to which a steep stairway leads up from below. The outside and inside of the walls were covered with hieroglyphical bas-reliefs and hideous allegorical inscriptions. In the middle of the hall stood the stone of sacrifice, on which the high priests ripped open the live victims, and tore out their hearts to offer them to the "divinity of the sun." The walls were decorated with the skulls of the human sacrifices, (according to the account of a Spanish officer under Cortez, no less than 60,000 were piled upon them), and the stone floor thickly besmeared with human blood. Along the walls were arranged scores of stone vessels in which the hearts of the victims were collected for the consumption of the priests. Most of these features appear in the copy of this huge relic of the worst of barbarism on the Champ de Mars, not even excepting the skulls and the bloody coat of the floor, the former being reproduced in plaster, and the latter by dark and red paint. A copy of the colossal statue, supposed to be that of the sun, found at Teotihuacan, and another of the hideous divinity Teoyaomique in the museum of the city of Mexico, has been added by M. Mehedin as *apropos* of the subject. In place of the mound that formed the base of the original, he has substituted a kind of cave, lighted from above, in which he will exhibit the collection of antiquities which he made during his stay in Mexico. The temple is in charge of native Mexicans, in broad-brimmed sombreros, and embroidered buckskin jackets and pants, with rows of silver buttons, who stand at the gates of the wire fence enclosing the ground and collect an extra toll of half a franc from the visitors. I had all along supposed that the temple was constructed at the expense of the French government. But it seems that M. Meledin has erected it out of his private means and that, in order to reimburse himself, he obtained the former's permission to charge extra admission.

THE GOVERNMENT OF CHILDREN.—The late Dr. Henry Ware, when once asked by a parent to draw up a set of rules for the government of children replied by an anecdote:

"Dr. Hitchcock," he said, "was settled in Sandwich; and when he made his first exchange with the Plymouth minister he must needs pass through the Plymouth woods—a nine miles' wilderness, where the travellers almost got lost, and frequently came out at the point they started from. Dr. H., on entering the much-dreaded labyrinth, met an old woman, and asked her to give him some directions for getting through the woods so as to fetch up at Plymouth rather than Sandwich.

"Certainly," she said, "I will tell you all about it, with the greatest pleasure. You will just keep right on till you get some ways into the woods, and you will come to a place where several roads branch off. Then you must stop and consider, and take the one *that seems to you most likely* to bring you out right."

"He did so, and came out right." Dr. Ware added, "I have followed the worthy and sensible old lady's advice in bringing up my children. I do not think anybody can do better; at any rate, I cannot." Good common sense, doubtless, is often better than all set rules; but the thing is to *have* it.

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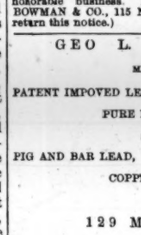

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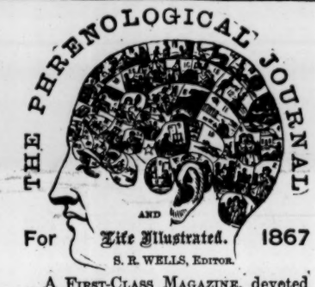

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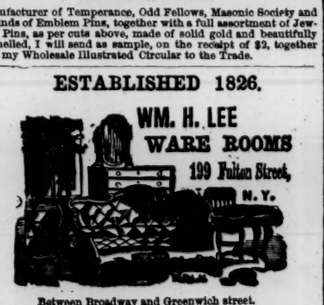

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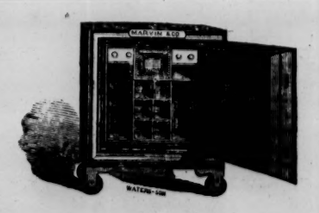

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